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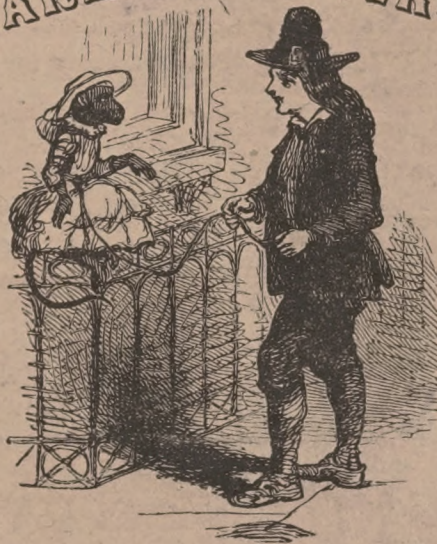
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HARPER'S STORY BOOKS

No. 28.

CARL AND JOCKO.



MARCH, 1857.

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FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

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JOCKO CLIMBING.

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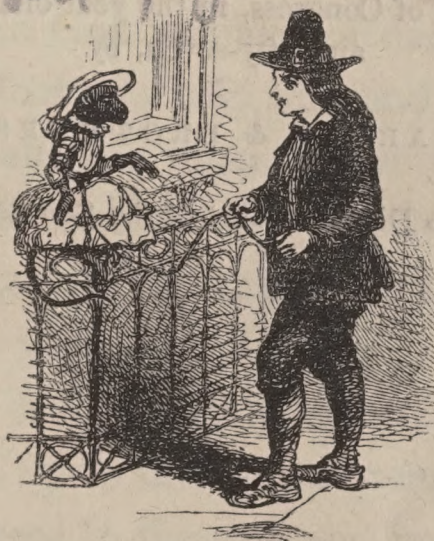
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CARL AND JOCKO;

OR,

**THE ADVENTURES OF THE LITTLE ITALIAN
BOY AND HIS MONKEY.**

Abbott, Jacob



NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



1857.

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P R E F A C E.

THIS book contains the history of a little Italian boy, who left Europe with his father and mother to come as emigrants to America. He met with a great many sad and sorrowful adventures on his way, and the reader of the story may learn from it the lessons of calmness and composure in danger, of patience and fortitude in suffering, and trust in God in times of dark despondency. It is true that Cárì had Jocko to help him and to amuse him, but his chief reliance, after all, was upon the overruling hand of Divine Providence, and upon his own calm consideration and forethought, and the firm and steady perseverance with which he pursued the end which he had in view.

By following his example in these respects when you enter yourselves, hereafter, upon the serious struggles of life, you will almost certainly succeed in the end, and you will, at any rate, be cheered, and sustained, and comforted through all the disappointments, trials, and sufferings that you will encounter on the way.

5-d-43

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CARL AND JOCKO.

CHAPTER I.

THE SHIP.

The appearance of Carl.

His early home.

Seeking a fortune.

CARL was an Italian boy, and Jocko was his monkey. Carl was a very pretty boy. He had large, dark eyes, and black, glossy hair. His face was rather pale, but this was partly in consequence of the hard life he had led.



CARL.

Carl was born at the foot of the Alps, on the sunny side of them—that is, on the side toward Italy. Grapes grow there, and figs, and other delicious fruits in rich profusion, but the grapes and the figs belong all to the men who own the lands on which they grow. Carl's father had no land, and he found it very difficult to get enough for his wife and little Carl to eat; so he determined to go with his wife and son over the Alps to France to seek his fortune, as a great many other poor Italian men had done before him.

There are a great many children, too, that go in this way with their fathers into France and England from Saxony and Piedmont,

Poor children earning money.The passengers upon the steamer.

and various other countries about the foot of the Alps. When there, they try to earn their living in very curious ways. Some, particularly the smallest of them, become chimney-sweeps. Others go about the streets singing songs, or playing upon a tambourine, or exhibiting a monkey to amuse the children in the houses, hoping that the people whose children are amused will throw them out a penny or two from the window. Sometimes the people do, and sometimes they do not.

Often the parents of these poor boys and girls die, and then the children are left to take care of themselves, and a very hard time do they have of it. A lady has just related to me a little incident which happened to her in Paris last summer, which illustrates this. Her relating it to me was entirely accidental, for she did not know that I was going to write the story of Carl and Jocko. She was lying on her sofa at the time in her state-room on board the steamer Persia, in which we are making the voyage to Europe together. Her state-room was very near to ours, and we often visited each other during the course of the voyage, as is customary among the passengers on board the Atlantic steamers.*

The incident which she related to me was this: She was walking one day on one of the quais at Paris.† Her husband was with her. He, having occasion to make some small purchases, stepped into a shop, leaving the lady to walk slowly along upon the sidewalk until he should come out. She saw some object in

* You can see a view of one of these steamers on page 21.

† A quai is a street along the bank of a river. It has houses and shops on one side, and a low wall separating it from the water on the other.

The Italian boy in Paris.

The lady's gift.

What the boys bought.

a shop-window which attracted her attention, and she stopped to look at it. While she was thus looking, she felt something gently pull her cloak. She looked round, and saw one of these little Italian boys standing near and holding out his hand as if to beg. At the same time, he looked anxiously up and down the street, to be sure that no policeman was near; for begging is forbidden in the streets of Paris, and all persons found violating the law are taken up by the police, and sent to some poor-house or house of correction. The poor child looked so wan and woe-begone in his misery that the lady pitied him, and she put her hand in her pocket and took out a *sou* and gave it to him.

A *sou* is a French coin of about the size and value of a cent.

The boy seemed overjoyed at his good fortune, and immediately ran off with his *sou* round the corner.

In a moment, however, he reappeared, bringing with him two other boys as poor and miserable as himself, and they held out their hands to the lady. She took out two more *sous* from her pocket, and gave each of them one. Then all three of the boys ran off again, with their faces full of joy and pleasure.

The lady walked slowly on, but before she had taken many steps she saw the boys all coming back again, each with a small roll of bread in his hand, which they had bought with their *sous*. They held up these rolls to the lady to show her what they had done with the money, and thanked her again by their smiling looks for her kindness in giving it to them, and then went away.

Carl was such a boy as one of these.

When he went over the Alps into France, his father and moth-

The musical company.Why Carl's father wished to go to America.

er went with him, and they wandered about together for several years. Carl's father played upon the violin, and his wife sang to accompany him. This was to make music in the streets in order to please the children at the windows of the houses. Besides the music, they had Jocko. Jocko was a very funny monkey, and his dancings and caperings made the children laugh. Carl took care of Jocko. He held the end of the cord which was fastened around him to prevent him from running away. Then, after the song was ended and the children had seen Jocko as much as they wished, Carl would hold out his cap for the money which they were to give him, and he brought the money to his father.

Sometimes there would be a ring formed round Carl's father and mother and the monkey in the street, and then Carl would go around and collect the money in his cap. At other times people would throw the money out from the windows, and it would fall upon the pavement. Then Carl would run about and find it, and pick it up.

All the money that Carl's father gained in this way he saved—all but just enough to buy what was necessary for his family to eat day by day. He was saving this money in hopes to get enough to pay for the passage of them all to America.

“If we can only get to America,” he said to Carl, “we can do very well. There is plenty of land there, and I will get some and become a farmer. Then we shall have a house to live in of our own, instead of roaming about in this way, houseless wanderers from town to town.”

“I shall like that,” said Carl.

Carl goes to London to learn the English language.

“And then, besides,” said his father, “you can go to school there and learn; and so, instead of being poor and miserable all your life, as you must be here, you will have as good a chance as any other American boy to grow rich and to become a gentleman.”

“I shall like that too,” said Carl.

“Only first,” said his father, “you must learn the English language.”

“Yes, sir,” said Carl, “I will learn it as fast as I can.”

Carl’s father concluded to go to England, so as to give his boy an opportunity to begin to learn the English language before going to America. He remained a year or more in London, and during that time he earned so much as to complete the sum necessary to pay the passage of all his family to America. At length, when the time came, he took passage on board a packet-ship, and when the day of sailing arrived they went on board, Jocko and all.

The ship that they went on board of lay in the docks in London. These docks are immense basins dug out of the ground and walled up round the sides. They are large enough to hold hundreds and hundreds of ships. The people made these docks because there was not room enough for the ships in the river. Of course, there are passage-ways from the docks to the river. These passage-ways are shut by great gates when the tide goes down, and this keeps the water in the docks high, so as to float the shipping within all the time.

The ship in which Carl’s father took passage was pulled out of the docks, when the time came, by means of a strong hawser fastened at one end to an immense iron ring built in the pier. The oth-

Setting sail for America.

What Jocko thought about the rigging.

The voyage.

er end of the hawser was wound around the capstan, and the sailors, by turning the capstan, drew the ship along. When the ship got into the river the sails were hoisted, and she sailed away down the stream between double and triple rows of steamers, ships, barges, and vessels of all sorts, which lined the shores. As the ship moved slowly along, Carl gazed at the forests of masts with amazement. He wondered where such an immense multitude of vessels could have come from, and where they could be going. Jocko all this time sat perched upon the rigging near Carl. He, too, was looking at the shipping. He thought that the masts were trees growing along the banks. The yards and spars he supposed were branches, but what the ropes were he could not tell.

The ship sailed down the river, and then came out to the open sea. She then turned to the southward, and passed through the Straits of Dover, and so down the English Channel, along the southern shore of England, until she reached Portsmouth. Here she stopped to take on board the lady and gentlemen passengers who had come down from London across the country to meet her. If you look at the map, you will see that to go down the Thames and round through the Straits of Dover to Portsmouth is a long way, while the distance is comparatively very short from London to Portsmouth across the country. It was customary, therefore, in those days, for the lady and gentlemen passengers to let the ship go round, while they went across the country with a view of meeting the ship at Portsmouth, while emigrants and other people who could not afford to pay the expense of the journey across the country would go all the way in the ship.

Steerage passengers and cabin passengers.The emigrants' berths.

The lady and gentlemen passengers had berths in the cabin, which was in the after part of the ship. The berths of the emigrants were farther forward, in a place called the steerage. So the emigrants were commonly called steerage passengers, while the ladies and gentlemen were called cabin passengers. The state-rooms of the cabin passengers were very elegantly furnished and fitted up. The steerage berths, on the other hand, were plain and coarse. The steerage, too, was full, for there were more than a hundred passengers crowded in it, men, women, and children.

What are called berths in a ship at sea are, in fact, *shelves* built against the side of the ship to serve instead of bedsteads for people to sleep upon. There would not be room for bedsteads enough to hold so many people; and besides, even if there were room, bedsteads would not be suitable for use at sea, inasmuch as in the rocking and rolling of the ship in a storm they would continually be sliding about the floor unless they were fastened down. So, for the double purpose of saving room and of keeping the bed-places secure, they build berths against the sides of the ship, and let the poor people sleep in them.

Carl's father and mother had two berths, one above the other. His father slept in the upper one, and his mother in the lower one. As for Carl, he had no berth, so he slept on the floor in front of his mother's place. They spread down something for him to lie upon, and he had a bundle for a pillow.

Jocko slept at his feet. To prevent his getting away in the night, Carl used to fasten the end of his chain into a staple that he found near.

What Carl and Jocko did in the daytime.Jocko's amusements.

All around were a great many other berths, which at night were filled with people. The floor, too, was covered in all directions with women and children. Some of these lay thus upon the floor because they had no berths; others, because they were afraid to sleep in berths, lest they should fall out in the night from the rolling of the ship in going over the seas.

It was only the night that Carl and Jocko spent below. In the daytime they were almost always on deck, where Carl took great interest in observing the operations of the sailors in managing the ship, and Jocko amused himself by climbing about among the rigging.

Jocko made a great deal of amusement for the sailors, and also for the passengers, during the voyage, by his tricks and funny capers. He had a very comical way of taking hold of the end of his tail and shaking it at any body that displeased him, as if it were a stick, and he was going to strike his enemy with it. Whenever he had done any mischief, and a sailor ran after him to punish him for it, he would run up the rigging, the sailor, perhaps, running after him. Jocko, however, could climb higher and faster than the sailor; and when he got up to a place where the sailor could not reach him, he would stop and sit on his hind legs, and shake the end of his tail at the sailor, and make faces in such a manner as to bring shouts of laughter from all that were looking on.

Indeed, it was a great source of amusement to the sailors simply to see how Jocko could climb. A monkey is made to climb, and Jocko could run up and down the ropes and rigging, and out

Jocko's leaps among the rigging.

The sailor's trick.

The ship's bell.

upon the slenderest spars, as fast as a kitten can run about a carpet. Sometimes he would spring across a long distance, and catch a rope hanging midway in the air, and then run hand over hand up or down, just as he pleased. At one time the sailors played him a trick by running a rope through a block and letting the end hang down where they thought that Jocko would go, hoping that he would jump at it and catch it, and that then his weight would pull the rope through the block and let him down to the deck. The plan succeeded admirably. The rope was, however, somewhat heavy, and a little stiff, so that it did not let Jocko down fast enough to hurt him much when he came to the deck, but it frightened him prodigiously. When he reached the deck, he jumped up and ran limping away, looking, at the same time, quite ashamed, for every body was laughing at him.

After this he was very shy of ropes that he saw hanging dangling in the air, and would not jump to any unless he saw that they were firmly secured at each end.

Jocko made it a point to imitate every thing that he saw the sailors doing about the ship, provided it was within reach of his power. It is customary on board ships at sea to strike the hours upon a bell which is placed for this purpose in a convenient situation on the deck. There are two of these bells, in fact, one at each end of the ship. The one that is near the stern of the ship is struck by an officer when the time arrives, and then, immediately afterward, the one at the other end, where the sailors are, is struck by a sailor. The bells in both cases are struck by means of a small cord which is fastened to the lower end of the tongue.

Jocko ringing the bell.

A disaster.

The water-cask.

It was a great point with Jocko to run and strike the bell which was at the forward part of the ship whenever he heard the officer strike his bell at the stern. This would have done very well if he could only have struck it right; but Jocko, with all his sagacity, could not count, and so, whatever may have been the number of strokes given at the stern, Jocko made only a confused dinging at the bows, which would have made mischief if the sailors had not known at once by the sound that it was only Jocko's work. Indeed, the sailor whose business it was to strike the bell soon learned to observe whether Jocko was near or not when the time came; and if he was near, he would run quick to the place and drive Jocko away from the bell just as he was reaching out his paw to the cord, and then ring it himself in a proper manner.

Sometimes Jocko's propensity to imitate every thing that he saw brought some disaster upon his own head. For instance, he once knocked himself over with a jet of water spouting out of a cask. The cask was one of several containing a supply of fresh water, which was kept on the deck of the ship for the use of the sailors. It was mounted on skids for the purpose of raising it high enough from the deck to make it convenient to draw the water, and there it was lashed securely. There was a plug in the lower part of the head of it, and the sailors, when they wished to draw the water, would pull out this plug, holding, of course, the pail or pitcher which they wished to fill under it to catch the water.

Jocko, having seen the sailors pull out this plug a number of times, concluded one day, as he was passing by the place, that he

Jocko gets a ducking.

Description of the marling-spike.

would try and see if *he* could not draw it out. So he seized it with both paws, and, after pulling it this way and that, as he had seen the sailors do, at length got it out. He was, however, immediately struck in the face by the jet of water that came out, and knocked over upon the deck. He jumped up, and scampered away up the rigging, dripping with wet, and frightened half out of his senses.



JOCKO DRAWING WATER.

At another time Jocko jammed his foot with a marling-spike, and this made him so angry with the marling-spike that he contrived a way to throw it overboard. But perhaps some of my readers may not know precisely what a marling-spike is. It is an iron bar about a foot long, round at one end, and tapering to a point at the other. The round end is about as large round as a hoe-handle. The sailors use the marling-spike somewhat as ladies use a bodkin. They employ it to make holes with in the canvas, when necessary, in sewing the sails, and also to open the strands of ropes and cables when they are splicing.

Jocko saw one of these marling-spikes lying on the deck where a sailor had been at work, and he attempted to lift it. He suc-

How Jocko contrived to throw the marling-spike overboard.

ceeded in lifting one end of it, but just then he saw the sailor coming, and so he dropped it suddenly, intending to run away; but the marling-spike fell upon his foot, and hurt him very much indeed; so he ran away limping and crying aloud.

“It is good enough for you, you little imp of mischief,” said the sailor. “You are always meddling.”

Jocko took great offense against the marling-spike in consequence of this misfortune, and so, watching his opportunity a few hours later, when the sailor had gone aloft to help to take in sail, he ran slyly down to the place, and seizing the marling-spike by the little end, he dragged it along to one of the lee scuppers, and pushed it down through. The scuppers are holes made along the margin of the deck to let the water run out that breaks over the bulwarks from high waves. They lead down through the deck and out through the sides of the ship. Of course, the marling-spike went out into the water, and immediately began to sink to the bottom.

I say *began* to sink, for the water in that place was about five miles deep; and though the marling-spike, being of solid iron, went down very fast, it took it nearly an hour to get to the bottom.

When the sailor came back for his marling-spike it was gone, and he could not imagine what had become of it.

“I should think,” said he to himself, “that that grinning ape had thrown it overboard if I supposed he had strength enough to lift it over the bulwarks.”

He did not dream of Jocko’s having cunning enough to push it down through one of the lee scuppers.

Jocko stealing potatoes.

The cook after him.

Tom's cap.

It was a famous amusement of Jocko's to steal things from the deck, and run off with them up into the rigging, and keep them there a long while. One day he carried off half a dozen potatoes into the main top, and hid them there in a fold of the sail, and then, watching his opportunity, he pelted the sailors with them. Of course, in carrying them up he could only take one at a time; and so he was obliged to run up and down six times to get them all there. He would have carried up more, but the cook, who had left the potatoes in a pan at the door of the galley, happened to see what he was doing, and ran at him with a rope's end; but Jocko saw him coming, and so, dropping the seventh potato, he ran off as fast as he could go without it, and then the cook took the rest of the potatoes in.

There was a coarse-looking boy among the sailors, who was called Tom, that took a dislike to Jocko from some reason or other, and was continually doing something to tease him. Jocko endeavored to avenge himself for these affronts and injuries by playing tricks of various kinds upon Tom. One day, when Tom was sitting at his ease on a coil of ropes, with some other sailors around, who were listening to a story that one of their number was telling, Jocko came slyly down the shrouds until he was directly over Tom's head, and then, swinging himself down by means of a rope, he seized Tom's cap by the top-knot, and made off with it up the rope as fast as he could.

“Who's that pulled off my cap?” exclaimed Tom.

He looked about every way, but no one was to be seen who could have taken the cap, and before he thought of looking up-

Tom can not recover his cap.How Carl tries.

ward, Jocko had made his way with the cap in his paw to the foretop; and there, at length, Tom and the sailors caught sight of him, sitting in the top with the cap on his head, and grinning. The cap was so large that, while the front part of it rested on Jocko's head, the rest of it extended half down his back, like a clumsy cloak.

Tom immediately began to run up the shrouds to get his cap; but Jocko, as soon as he saw him coming, took off the cap, and holding it in one hand, while he climbed with his feet and with the other hand, he ran up the rigging to a higher place. Tom followed him, and for some time chased the poor monkey about the rigging, without, however, coming nearer to him. At length he gave up in despair, and came down to the deck in a great rage, just as Carl was coming up from below.

“Never fear,” said Carl; “I’ll get the cap back for you.”

Now Carl had trained Jocko to imitate him in all that he did, and this accomplishment, of which Jocko was very proud, Carl often made use of to great advantage in managing his monkey. The way in which he did this will appear by the course which he pursued on this occasion.

He called to Jocko, and when he had made him attend, he climbed up a little way on the shrouds, and took his stand there where Jocko could see him. He had his cap in his hand. He made a low bow to Jocko, and then put his cap upon his head. Jocko did the same.

Then he took off his cap again and held it in his hand. Then he put it upon his head again. Jocko imitated all these motions

Jocko's imitation.Making friends among the passengers.

exactly. Finally, Carl held out his cap at arm's length, and when Jocko had done the same, he let it drop to the deck. Jocko immediately dropped his, and then, of course, Tom, who was waiting below, had nothing to do but to pick it up.

Jocko made some enemies, it is true, by his tricks and mischief, but he made many more friends by them, for his various acts of mimicry, and the funny antics that he performed, amused all on board. Sometimes the lady and gentlemen passengers, who occupied state-rooms in the cabin, and who were accustomed, when they were upon deck, to sit upon settees and camp-stools that were placed for them near the stern, used to ask Carl to come there with his monkey and let them see him. In these cases they would sometimes give Carl money, and this money Carl would carry to his father.

Thus the voyage passed away very prosperously and pleasantly for two or three weeks, until, at length, the ship began to draw near to the Banks of Newfoundland.

How wide the Atlantic Ocean is.Carl learning to read.

CHAPTER II.

A VISIT.



THE SEA.

THE sea which separates Europe from America is very wide. It is so wide that if it were frozen over, and there was a road across it on the ice, and a boy were to attempt to walk over it, and were to go at the rate of twenty miles a day, it would take him almost half a year to finish the journey.

A sailing ship which should sail upon an average one hundred miles in a day would get across in a month; but often ships are so kept back by contrary winds and storms that they are six or eight weeks on the way. Steamers, on the other hand, which go about three hundred miles a day, can go over generally in ten days. Indeed, the great iron steamer *Persia*, in which I have just made the voyage, and in which the first chapter of this story was written, crossed in nine days. But to return to the story.

One day, when the ship in which Carl was sailing had been out about three weeks, Carl was sitting near the bows, teaching himself to read English by means of a tract which one of the passengers had given him, when a young man, having a white apron on,

Carl receives a summons from some passenger.

and with no cap on his head, came from the after part of the vessel, and on approaching Carl accosted him by asking,

“Are you the boy that has got the monkey?”

“Yes, sir,” said Carl.

“And where is your monkey?”

“He is down below,” said Carl, “by my father’s berth.”

“Go and get him, and bring him here,” said the man. “I want you to go with me.”

Carl had often been called upon to go with Jocko to the after part of the ship, in order to show him to the gentlemen and ladies there, and he was accordingly not surprised at this summons; indeed, he was pleased, for usually on such occasions he received some small sums of money from the persons that sent for him that enabled him to increase his father’s store.

“Make haste,” said the man.

“Yes,” said Carl, “I will go down for him, if you will wait here until I come. I will be back in a moment.” So Carl went below to get Jocko, and very soon returned with him to the deck.

“Come with me,” said the man.

So saying, he led the way, and Carl followed, toward the after part of the ship; but instead of going to the quarter-deck, which was the place where Carl had usually gone before when called in this manner to show his monkey, the steward, who was conducting him, entered a door which opened upon a flight of stairs that led below.

“Here is a lady,” said he, “down here in her state-room who wishes to see you.”

Carl enters the cabin.

How he carried Jocko.

The state-room.

After reaching the foot of the stairs, Carl, following the steward, entered a small but richly-furnished cabin. There was a table extending up and down the centre of it, with an elegant hanging shelf above, loaded with decanters and glasses, all set in sockets to prevent their being thrown out of place by the motion of the ship. Carl had, however, very little opportunity to examine these things, for the waiter passed rapidly on and entered a little passage-way, with doors on each side going into the state-rooms. The doors were open. They were fastened open by a hasp. The steward stood at one of these doors and motioned Carl to go in.

“This is the boy,” said he.

Carl went in, carrying Jocko under his arm.

He found that the state-room was an exceedingly small place, not larger than a large closet. There were two berths on one side of it, and a sofa on the other. There was a lady upon the sofa. She was reclining upon pillows placed at the end of it. The room was lighted by one small round window, which contained only one pane of glass. There was a wash-stand built into the partition, and two tumblers placed in brass sockets above. There was a looking-glass, too, and various other conveniences required in such a place. The lady was of middle age, and her countenance expressed great gentleness and sweetness of disposition. She smiled on Carl as he came in, and asked him what his name was. Carl told her his name.

“I thought that I should like to see your monkey,” said she, “and so I sent for you to come to my state-room, because you see I am not well enough to go out upon the deck.”

Carl and Jocko in the lady's state-room.

"Oh! I can come here just as well," said Carl.

"I have been sick almost all the voyage," continued the lady. "And so this is the famous Jocko. I am very glad to see him. He is a funny-looking fellow enough. But you had better sit down, though there is nothing for you to sit upon but the trunk."

In compliance with this invitation, Carl seated himself upon the



CARL IN THE STATE-ROOM.

The lady's conversation with the poor Italian boy.

trunk, which stood upon the floor of the state-room, while Jocko, whom he had placed upon the wash-stand near, immediately climbed up to the top of a little set of shelves under the looking-glass, and perched himself there.

“So you are going to America?” said the lady.

“Yes, madame,” said Carl. “We are tired of being so poor, and of not having any place to live in, and so we are going to America.”

“Could you not find any place to live in in Italy?” asked the lady.

“It was very hard,” said Carl, “for the country was all full. All the land belonged to somebody, and all the houses had somebody in them. There was not any house or land left for us.”

“And what do you expect to do in America?” asked the lady.

“Why, we are going to find some land that does not belong to any body,” replied Carl, “and we are going to live upon that.”

“And what are you going to do for a house?” asked the lady.

“If there is not any house there, perhaps we could build one,” replied Carl. Then, after pausing a moment, he asked, in rather a desponding tone,

“Do you think we could?”

Indeed, upon reflection, the idea of depending for a house on such a one as his father and mother and himself could build seemed to him rather a forlorn hope.

“Not very well,” said the lady; “but that is not the way you will do. You will not attempt to build a house for yourself. You will buy one.”

The lady very kindly gives Carl information about America.

“But we have not got any money,” said Carl—“at least not enough to buy a house.”

“Ah! but your father will earn money very easily when he gets to America,” said the lady, “and your mother too. They pay four or five times as much for work in America as they do in France and Italy. You will all work as industriously as you can for a year or two for other people, and save the money, and then you can buy some land and a small house, and after that you can work for yourselves.”

“*I’ll* work,” said Carl. “I will do the very best I can.”

“And what part of America does your father mean to go to?” asked the lady.

“I don’t know,” said Carl. “Is there more than one place? I thought it was all the same.”

“Oh no,” replied the lady. “It is very different in different parts, and they raise very different things in different parts. In the middle part of the country they raise tobacco chiefly on the land.”

Here Carl’s face involuntarily assumed a slight expression of disgust. He did not speak, but he determined in his mind he should not like to have any thing to do with raising tobacco.

“Then at the South they raise rice and cotton,” added the lady.

“I should like that better,” said Carl.

“Ah! but you can’t do that very well,” said the lady, “for at the South, where rice and cotton grow, the climate is sickly for white men, and so none but black men can work there. Very few of the immigrants from Europe go to the South.”

The Western country.

Farming.

Carl forgets himself.

“What other places are there?” asked Carl.

“Why, there is the Western country,” said the lady, “where they raise wheat. The country is very fertile there, and the land is very smooth and level, and the wheat grows upon it in millions and millions of bushels.”

“We should like to go there,” said Carl, “if we could only get some of the land. Is there any land there that does not belong to any body?”

“No,” said the lady, “not exactly, for all that does not belong to any body else is the property of the government; but you can buy it very cheap. A man can earn enough by his work in two days to buy an acre of it.”

“That’s a very easy way to get it,” said Carl. “Two or three acres would be as much as we should want, and father could earn money enough for that in a week.”

“Ah! no,” said the lady, “you would want more than that. Two or three acres would do very well in Italy, where you could raise grapes, or figs, or olives, but in America they would want a hundred acres or more, and that it would take a year to earn money enough to buy. Then, besides, your father would want money enough to buy seeds, and a plow, and a yoke of oxen or some horses, in order to till his land to good advantage. It is generally two or three years before the immigrants get money enough to buy a farm, unless, indeed, they bring some money with them.”

“Father has got *some* money with him,” said Carl. “He carries it in a money-belt fastened around him.”

Here Carl suddenly clapped his hand to his mouth, and was

The Northern country.

Raising animals.

Carl's colt.

sorry for what he had said, as his father had cautioned him not to tell any body about the money.

"I am glad of that, for it will help him a great deal," said the lady.

"Are there any other places in America besides these?" asked Carl.

"Yes," said the lady, "there are the Northern States, such as Vermont and New Hampshire."

"And what do they raise there?" asked Carl.

"Animals," said the lady. "They raise oxen, and sheep, and horses, and pigs, and hens, and other such animals."

"Could not they raise cotton and rice there?" asked Carl.

"No," said the lady, "because the climate is too cold. The summers are not long enough and warm enough for the cotton and the rice to grow, and, even if the summers were right, the plants would be killed by the winter."

"Could not they raise wheat there?" asked Carl.

"Not very well," said the lady, "for the land is very hilly and rough, and is full of streams and springs of water; so grass grows upon it better than wheat, and the people let the grass grow, and keep sheep, and horses, and oxen to eat it. Then at the end of the year they sell all the sheep, and oxen, and horses that they have to spare, and so they earn their money."

"I should like that," said Carl.

"Yes," said the lady, "you might have a little colt, perhaps, and keep him and feed him until he grew up to be a horse."

Carl's imagination was greatly taken with the idea of having

Why the lady was more interested in Carl than in Jocko.Good advice.

a colt, and of seeing him gradually grow up to be a horse, and he determined to recommend to his father, as soon as they landed in America, to go directly to Vermont. He remembered the name Vermont, both because it was the first of the two which the lady had mentioned, and also because it was the one that was the easiest to speak.

After talking some time longer with the lady, Carl rose to go away.

"Come, Jocko," said he, "it is time for us to go."

Carl was surprised that the lady paid so little attention to Jocko; but the truth was, she thought scarcely any thing of him at all. The people on deck, who had so often sent for Carl before, thought every thing of the monkey and nothing of the boy. This lady, on the other hand, was of that class of persons for whom the movements and aspirations of any human soul, however humble, have more of interest than the funniest possible tricks and capers that any monkey can be conceived to perform.

"Stop a moment," said the lady, when Carl rose to go. "Can you read English?"

"I am learning," said Carl. "I can *begin* to read."

"Then I am going to give you an English Testament," said she. "You can read a verse or two in it every morning and evening, and after you have read it you must pray to God to help you and to take care of you. You see that, even if you succeed in the end, you will pass through a great many dark hours of trial and sorrow on the way, and if you trust in yourselves alone you will often feel very disconsolate and wretched, and will be ready to de-

The gift.

More visits to the kind lady.

Information.

spair ; but if you trust in God, you will be safe and happy in his hands, whatever may befall you."

So saying, the lady opened a traveling-bag which lay near upon the floor by the sofa on which she was reclining, and took out a small Testament from it. It was a very pretty book, bound in red morocco. Carl was very much pleased with it. So, bidding the lady good-by, he took Jocko up under his arm, and went away to show his Testament to his father and mother.

After this Carl went several times to see the lady, and he had many conversations with her. She inquired of him a great deal about Italy, and about the mode of life he had lived with his father and mother before he left his native land. Carl answered her questions as well as he could ; but he was so young when he first set out to cross the Alps that he could not remember a great deal about it.

The lady also gave Carl a great deal more information about Vermont, and the farms and farmers there. She told how the animals fed on the grass that grew in the pastures and on the hill side during the summer season, while all the grass on the smooth and level grounds was allowed to grow tall, and was cut for hay, and put into great barns, to be given to the cattle in the winter. She told him that if he ever were to become a farmer's boy in this region of country, it would be his business in the winter to get up early in the morning, and go out into the barn to feed the cattle with this hay, and to see that they were all warm and comfortable. Carl thought he should like such a life as this very much.

Light-houses.

The Cape Race light.

The sight of land.

CHAPTER III.

TROUBLE AT SEA.



THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

A LIGHT-HOUSE is built upon almost every important point or promontory that projects into the sea, in order that seamen, when they approach the coast in the night, may see the light and be warned of the danger. The first light-house which can come in sight to ships sailing from England to America is one built upon Cape Race, which is the southern point of the great island of Newfoundland.

It is not often, however, that vessels thus coming to America from Europe see this light at all. They generally go farther to the southward, and so do not approach the land until just before they arrive at Boston or New York. But the ship that Carl came in was driven far to the northward by a storm when they had been out but little more than two weeks, and thus Cape Race was the first land they saw after they left the coast of England.

They were, of course, all overjoyed to see it. The cabin passengers came out upon the quarter-deck, while the emigrants came up forward, and all crowded along the side of the ship and gazed eagerly at the land. They had yet almost a thousand miles to go,

The cholera on board ship.

Deception.

Was it right?

but still the open sea had been crossed, and they had come in sight of America; so they all felt greatly encouraged, and thought that the hardships and trials of the voyage were all over. Unfortunately, however, they were all to begin.

The first serious trouble which they encountered was the breaking out of sickness on board. This sickness was cholera—a disease which is very terrible when it makes its appearance in a crowded ship. There was one case of cholera on board in the early part of the voyage, but the passengers generally knew nothing of it. The officers of the ship kept it secret, in order not to produce alarm. The sick man had been taken away to a certain place in the ship which was set apart for a hospital. The man died, and the body was buried, as is usual at sea, by being sewed up in a canvas covering, with a heavy iron ball put in at the feet, and thus launched overboard into the sea to sink to the bottom. Some of the passengers knew of this death, but they were told that the man died of consumption. This was to prevent the story from being circulated among the passengers that the cholera was on board. The officers thought that if that were known it would produce a panic, and any thing like a panic prevailing at such a time makes people much more liable to take the disease than they otherwise would be, and renders it less probable that they who do take it will recover. In order to prevent this evil, the officers thought it right for them to say what was not true in respect to the sickness of the man who died, but I think it was not right.

For some time no other case except that one occurred; but at

The truth is known.Carl's inquiries.

length there were one or two others, and then the truth could not be any longer wholly concealed. People whispered it to one another that there was cholera on board. Each one, however, in communicating the tidings to his friend, charged him not to mention it to any one else, for fear of a panic. Still the tidings circulated slowly and secretly, until at length a strange and mysterious gloom seemed to pervade the ship. Carl noticed this, but for some time he did not know the cause. He observed that his father and mother seemed to lose their cheerfulness, and to be silent and thoughtful. He saw people, from time to time, standing in little knots, and talking together, with anxious looks and in low tones of voice, that indicated something wrong. All this time the sea was smooth, the wind, though light, was fair, and the vessel was going on in the most pleasant and prosperous manner, and Carl could not imagine what was the matter.

“Mother,” said he one day, “something is the matter on board. What is it?”

“Oh, nothing,” said his mother; “we are going on very well indeed.”

“I know it,” said Carl, “but yet I am sure that something is the matter. I wish, mother, that you would tell me what it is.”

His mother was very unwilling to tell him what was the matter, for she thought that if he knew he would be would be afraid, and that would make him much more likely to take the disease.

“Has the ship sprung a leak?” asked he.

“Oh no,” said his mother; “it is not that.”

“What is it, then, mother?” he asked.

Little Rosa.

The sick man.

Carl goes for help.

“Why, it is only that three or four of the passengers are sick, and one or two have died, and that makes people feel sorrowful. But we think that there will not be any more taken sick, and those who are sick now will get well, and then all our trouble will be over.”

In one of the berths near where Carl's father and mother slept, there was a man that had a little girl with him, who was about two years younger than Carl. She was a very pretty child, and she was so good-humored and patient, and she amused herself so well during the long and tedious days of the voyage, that she became a great favorite with all who knew her. Her name was Rosa.

One day, when Carl came down to his father's berth in order to get Jocko, for the purpose of taking him on deck, he saw that Rosa's father was lying in his berth, which was the next one to Carl's father's, and that he seemed to be writhing with pain. Little Rosa was standing by his side looking on very sorrowfully, but not knowing what to do. She had a little doll, which Carl's mother had made for her, in her hand.

“What is the matter, Rosa?” asked Carl.

“My father is sick,” said she. “Do you know where there is any medicine?”

“No,” said Carl, “but I will go and call my father.”

So Carl went on deck immediately to find his father. He found him very soon, and brought him down to the place.

The sick man seemed to be in great agony. There was another man standing near, who said that some persons were coming to take him away to the hospital.

The dying father.Carl's parents adopt little Rosa.

In a minute or two the patient became a little easier, so that he could speak. His first attempt to speak, however, was only a groan.

"Oh, my God," said he, in tones of despair, "what will become of my poor little Rosa?"

"I'll take care of her," said Carl's father. "Trust her to me; I will take care of her till you get well."

"I shall *never* get well," said the patient; "I am sure I shall never get well. I am struck with death."

"Then we will *always* take care of her," said Carl's father. "My wife will help me. We will be a father and mother to the poor child."

The sick man raised his eyes with a very imploring look, which seemed to be intended at once to thank Carl's father for his kind promise, and to beg him not to forget to perform it. He also, at the same time, put his hand in his pocket and drew out a small canvas bag, like a purse, full of something very heavy. He put this into Carl's father's hand, and said,

"Take care of this, too, for her."

Another paroxysm of dreadful pain then came on, and, before he recovered from it sufficiently to speak again, he was borne away. Carl never saw him afterward.

It is true that reports came for several days that he was better, and that he would soon be well. The people told Rosa so continually, for she asked eagerly of every person that came by, who she supposed to belong to the ship, what they had done with her father. In answer to these questions, some told her one thing and

What the people told Rosa.Carl in affliction.

some another. Those that admitted that her father was sick always said that he was better, and that he would be well in a few days. And thus poor little Rosa was expecting every day to see him come back to her for more than a week after his lifeless body had found its last resting-place on the bottom of the sea.

Even Carl's father and mother did not know certainly that Rosa's father was dead, though they supposed that he was. They inquired several times in respect to him, but they could not gain any satisfactory information. In any event, they determined to take good care of Rosa.

"I have promised," said Carl's father to his wife, "that you and I will be father and mother to Rosa."

"We will," said his wife.

"Then I shall be her brother," said Carl; "for if you are her father and mother, that will make her my sister."

"Yes," said his father, "remember that. If any thing happens to us, remember that."

Carl observed, after this, that the anxiety and suffering which had been depicted on the faces of the passengers on board the ship increased rather than diminished from day to day. At last, one day, as he was coming down toward the berths where his father and mother slept, his father came suddenly toward him and turned him away.

"Go up on deck a while, my little Carl," said he; "you can come down again by-and-by."

Carl went away, but, before he turned, he had opportunity to see

The terrible havoc of the cholera among the passengers.

two or three men standing near the berth, apparently much engaged in something that they were going to do. Carl thought, also, that he heard a sound of suppressed groans.

Carl waited anxiously upon deck for about fifteen minutes, and then came down again. His father was sitting on a chest near the berth with his face buried in his hands. His mother's berth was empty.

"Where's mother?" exclaimed Carl.

His father looked up with a countenance expressive of great distress. At first he did not answer, and did not seem to know what to say. At length he said, in a tone of despair,

"She is sick, and they have taken her away."

So saying, he drew Carl up to him, and clasped him in his arms. He was almost overwhelmed with grief and fear, but he made a great effort to suppress his feelings for the sake of his boy.

"But, father," said Carl, "why did they not leave her here with us, so that we might take care of her?"

"Ah! because they have a better place somewhere in the ship," replied his father, "where they can take better care of her, and give her the medicines that she needs. But she will be well again in a few days, and then she will come back."

He said this in such a despairing tone, however, that Carl was very little comforted by the assurance that the words conveyed. Carl burst into tears, and exclaimed,

"Ah me! I shall never see my mother any more."

That night, when bedtime came, a universal solemnity seemed to reign among the passengers. Some sat in little groups about

The terrible panic on board ship.Rosa and Camilla.

the deck, talking together gloomily. There were others that kept themselves aloof from all company, as if they were afraid that, even in a brief conversation, they might catch the dreadful contagion. Others lay weeping in their berths, mourning the loss of some husband, or wife, or child, whom they had seen borne away to the sick department, from which they knew so few returned.

These various indications produced a great impression upon Carl's mind, and they would have produced a still greater one had he not observed how calm and composed his father appeared. Then little Rosa's playful talk was a constant source of amusement and even relief to him. Rosa was too young to understand the case fully. She believed what they told her of her father's soon coming back, and in the mean time she amused herself with her doll, and seemed as gay and happy as ever.

"Now, Rosa," said Carl, "where are you going to sleep?"

"She can sleep in your mother's berth," said Carl's father.

"Yes," said Rosa, "and there will be room there for Camilla too."

Rosa had named her doll Camilla.

"Then tumble in," said Carl: "it is time for you to go to bed."

It is usual to make short work with dressing and undressing, even among the cabin passengers, on a voyage across the Atlantic, but among the steerage passengers there is generally scarcely any dressing or undressing at all. Rosa clambered into the bed as well as she could, and laid her head down upon the pillow. For a moment she shut her eyes, and made believe be asleep. She

Rosa asleep in the berth.Carl's resting-place.

then opened them again, and looked toward Carl with a roguish smile.

“Go to sleep, Rosa,” said Carl.

“Yes,” said Rosa; “but first give me Camilla.”

So Carl took up the doll, which Rosa had placed upon the deck while she climbed into the berth, and handed it to her. Rosa laid it down gently by her side, as if it had been an infant child, and covered it with the blanket. She then shut her eyes, and was soon fast asleep.

Carl then, after seeing that Jocko was properly secured by his chain, arranged himself, as he usually did for the night, with a bag for his pillow.

“Are you going to bed now, father?” said he.

“No,” said his father, “not just yet; I am going up on deck a little while. You will be asleep when I come down: shut up your eyes and go to sleep as soon as you can.”

So Carl shut his eyes, and Jocko did the same. In a few minutes all three, Carl, Rosa, and Jocko, were fast asleep, and even Camilla gave every outward appearance of being so.

While Carl was asleep he dreamed a dream. He dreamed that he had landed in America, and gone to Vermont. There he saw, all around him, immense mountains covered with snow—far higher and more imposing than the Alps. It was winter, and he was leading a glossy black colt, which he thought belonged to him, into a stone barn. The barn had a thatched roof, and a small window near one side of it, and a low door. Beautiful grape-vines, bearing great clusters of purple grapes, were climbing over the barn,

Carl's dream.

Carl's awaking.

The sick father.

and fig-trees, loaded with figs, were growing by the door. His mother was there with a basket upon her arm, which she was filling with fruit for supper, and a herd of cows were coming in, with great bells, like those of Switzerland, hanging from their necks. The whole place was rocking and rolling, like a ship at sea. Just as Carl was going into the door of the barn with his colt, he felt an unusual lurch, and he put out his hand so eagerly to take hold of the door-post to save himself that he woke up.

He heard a bustling sound near him, and voices in suppressed tones. He opened his eyes. There were two men standing before his father's berth; his father was getting out of it; he was trying to get down. Carl could hear, also, that his father was uttering low but suppressed groans, as if he was in great distress, and as if the exertion which he was making increased it.

Carl started up and gazed earnestly at the scene, wondering where he was, and what those men were doing. He was not more than half awake, and the recollections of his dream mingled themselves with the realities before him in such a manner that his ideas were completely confused. He did not know what to do or say.

In the mean time his father had descended from his berth, and stood supported by the two men, who seemed about to take him away. Presently he succeeded in drawing his money-belt out, and in handing it to Carl.

"Here, Carl," said he, faintly, "take this, and take good care of it."

He also drew from his pocket the little canvas bag which Rosa's father had given him. He gave this to Carl without speaking,

Carl left an orphan upon the emigrant vessel.

a word. Immediately afterward he sank down fainting in the arms of two men, and they bore him away.

All this passed so quickly that Carl was not fully awake before it was over. It seemed to him like a dream. He was so sleepy, too, that it was in vain he struggled to recover his faculties sufficiently to understand fully what it could mean.

“Ah me!” said he, “how sleepy I am!”

So saying, he sank down again upon the deck. He instinctively drew the bag and the money-belt under him to conceal them from view, and to prevent their being taken away while his father was gone, and then, in a few minutes, fell as fast asleep as before.

And this is the last that Carl ever saw of his father and mother.

He inquired for them very earnestly the next morning, but those whom he asked either could not or would not give him any information.

The first person that he asked was one of the emigrant passengers whose berth was very near. His name was Conolly.

“Where is my father, Mr. Conolly?” he said, looking up to him earnestly, and with eyes filling with tears.

“He is not far off, child,” said Mr. Conolly. “Don’t be troubled about him. Perhaps he has got up early and gone to take a walk upon deck. You will find him coming back soon.”

“No,” said Carl, “he is sick, and they carried him away in the night. I wish I could find out where they have carried him. Ah me! what shall I do?”

A partial relief in Carl's sorrow.Concealing the money-belt.

Carl's eyes just then fell upon Rosa's face as she lay in her berth. She was sleeping quietly, with Camilla by her side.

Whenever a person is overwhelmed with any grief or sorrow, it is always a source of relief to them to have some duty to perform or some responsibility to bear. The heart is thus divided, as it were, between the sense of sorrow and the weight of obligation, and the grief, of course, gets a smaller share.

"Here is poor Rosa," said Carl to himself, "and nobody to take care of her but me. I'll take as good care of her as I can. I am her brother now, and all the friend she has got."

Carl then thought of the money-belt which his father had given him in the night. He lifted it up from under the bedding upon which he had been lying. It was quite heavy with the gold pieces which had been sewed into it.

"I will buckle it around me," said Carl; "that will be the best way to keep it."

So he contrived to put the belt in under his jacket, and to draw it around his body just over his shirt. When he brought it into the right position he drew the two ends together and buckled it tight. He contrived to do all this in a secret manner, so that nobody should see him, standing up for the purpose close to the berth.

When this had been done, Carl took the little canvas bag which had belonged to Rosa's father and put it in his pocket.

"It is heavy," he said, as he put it in. "I suppose there is money in it. I will keep it safe, and give it back to Rosa's father when he comes."

Conversation between Carl and the stewardess.

Soon after this a woman whom they called stewardess came by. She was a woman that belonged to the ship, and her duty was to perform various services for the female passengers in the steerage. Carl asked her if she could tell him where they had carried his father and mother.

“Ah! poor child,” said she, “have your father and mother been carried off?”

“Yes,” said Carl, “and I can’t find out where they have put them.”

“Why, they have taken them to the hospital, child,” said the stewardess, “if they are sick.”

“Where is the hospital?” asked Carl, “because I want to go and see them.”

“Ah! you can not go and see them,” replied the stewardess; “nobody is allowed to go there but the doctor and the nurses. If you were to go there you would catch the plague.”

“But I want to go, notwithstanding,” said Carl. “I *must* go and see my father and mother.”

“No,” replied the stewardess, “it can’t be allowed; besides, they will be back again soon. I have no doubt but they are getting better. Wait a day or two, and you will have them back again. And this poor child,” she added, turning to Rosa, “where’s her father? Is he sick?”

“Yes,” said Carl, “they have carried him away too.”

“Never mind,” rejoined the stewardess. “Tell her, when she wakes up, that he is getting well, and will be back again soon.”

So the stewardess went away, saying to herself, “Poor chil-

Carl's inquiries.

Tom's answer.

What was Carl to do?

dren! I pity them with all my heart. What *will* they do when they get to America?"

Carl determined now that he would look about the ship, and see if he could not find out where the hospital was.

"I will inquire, too," he said to himself, "of every one I meet. I shall find somebody at last who will tell me."

This he accordingly did. He obtained a great variety of answers to his inquiries, but no information. One man told him bluntly that if his father and mother were sick, and had been carried off to the sick-room, he never would see either of them again, and that he might as well give up all hope of it first as last.

Among others, too, Carl met Tom upon the deck talking with two or three sailors, and he asked him. Tom brutally replied to his inquiry by saying,

"Your father? Is he missing? I have not seen him any where lately. I rather think he may have gone ashore to get his breakfast."

At this the sailors who were standing with Tom laughed aloud, and Carl walked away, greatly grieved that any one could be so cruel as to make sport of his distress.

All the inquiries which Carl thus made were fruitless. He could learn nothing more than that his father and mother were sick, and that he could not be permitted to see them; so he concluded that there was nothing more for him to do but to return below and devote himself to the care of Rosa and Jocko, and of the money which had been intrusted to his keeping.

Carl's instructions to Rosa.

CHAPTER IV.

THE END OF THE VOYAGE.



ROSA.

ROSA was a very pretty child, and she was always full of playfulness and good-humor. She was too young to understand much in respect to the loss of her father, or any of the other circumstances of her situation, and thus, after the first day, her spirits were very little affected by the forlorn condition in which she was left; and she laughed and played with Jocko on the deck just as if nothing serious had happened to her.

“You must not go far away from this place,” said Carl.

“No,” said Rosa, “I wont.”

“And you must always obey me,” continued Carl, “and do just as I say, for I am to be your brother now, you know.”

“Yes,” replied Rosa; “I am very glad of that. I never had any brother before.”

“Did not you?” asked Carl.

“No,” said Rosa, “only once—a great many years ago. I believe I had a little brother a great many years ago, but he died.”

“How big was he?” asked Carl.

Rosa's brother.

The storm coming.

The sailor's wish.

"I don't know exactly," replied Rosa, "but I suppose he was about as big as Jocko."

"Well, now I am your brother," said Carl; "and I am older than you, and am going to take care of you. So you must always obey me, and do just what I say."

"Well," said Rosa, "I will."

During all the time that the sickness had been so severe on board the ship, the sky had been clear, the sea smooth, and the air hot and sultry. For the three last days there had not been a breath of wind, and the ship now lay lifeless upon the glassy sea, with her sails hanging idly against the masts, or swinging gently to and fro as the ship rocked upon the swell of the sea. At length, one day, when Carl, Rosa, and Jocko were upon the deck, they saw a bank of cloud extending all along the southern horizon. There were two or three sailors looking at it.

"We are going to have some wind," said one of them.

"I hope it will be a *hurricane*," said another, desperately.

"Ay," said the first sailor, "so do I."

"I should like to see a tornado coming, to blow this accursed pestilence out of the ship," said the first.

"It will blow hard enough in the middle watch to-night, you may depend upon it," said the other.

"Rosa," said Carl, whispering into Rosa's ear, "we are going to have a storm."

"Are we?" said Rosa. "Do you think the ship will be wrecked?"

Carl's care of Rosa.Preparing for rough weather.

“Oh no,” said Carl.

“I wish my father would come back before the storm begins,” said Rosa.

“Never fear,” said Carl, “I will take good care of you. Besides, it is a good strong ship, and I don’t think there is any danger.”

That evening, after supper, Carl went upon the deck again. Rosa wished to go with him, but Carl said she had better wait until he had been up to see how it was.

“I will go and see,” said he, “while you and Jocko stay here. I will come down pretty soon and tell you all about it, and if it is pleasant up there, then we will go up.”

So Carl went upon deck alone. He saw at once that a great change had taken place. The clear and beautiful blue of the sky was gone, and low, watery-looking clouds were scudding swiftly from the southward. A great many sailors were up upon the masts, taking in the sails, and tying them up with great ropes; others were coiling the ropes that lay upon the deck, and making things snug generally. There was an officer on the deck who was continually shouting out commands, both to the sailors aloft and also to those about him on the deck.

Just then one of the cabin passengers came by.

“Are we going to have some wind, Mr. Martin?” said he, addressing the officer.

“I hope so,” said Mr. Martin; “and I hope it will blow like the very fury.”

So saying, Mr. Martin scowled, and set his teeth, and thundered

The passengers are ordered below.

The appearance of the steerage.

out some new command to the sailors, as if he were filled with spite against the calm, and was prepared to welcome any kind of commotion that would break it up.

After hearing this conversation, Carl thought it was not best for Rosa and Jocko to come on deck. Indeed, in a minute or two after this, a man came around and ordered all the passengers that were already on deck to go below. He gave this order in a very rude and imperious manner.

“All you lubbers, here,” said he, “get down below as fast as you can, and take care you don’t show your heads on deck again for three days. We’re going to have a blow. Down with you, every mother’s son of you! Away, boy!” This last was said to Carl.

So Carl went below. He found Rosa there waiting to hear his report.

“No, Rosa,” said he, “we can’t go upon deck; they’re sending every body down. There’s going to be a storm, and we had better go to bed and go to sleep as quick as we can.”

The steerage was crowded with people now, for every one had come down from above, and the whole place was filled with bustling movements, as well as with the sound of voices, and the noise of people going to and fro. This was so different from the dead and solemn silence which had prevailed for so many days in all those regions, that it made a great impression on Carl and Rosa, and led them to feel as if something very extraordinary was about to occur.

“Climb up into your berth, Rosa,” said Carl, “and get to sleep as fast as you can, before the storm comes on.”

A comfortable place to sleep at last.

Carl's prayer.

The value of Jocko.

So Rosa climbed into her berth and composed herself to sleep. Carl looked up to the berth above, which was the one where his father was accustomed to lie.

“If I were sure my father would not come home to-night,” said he to himself, “I would see if I could not climb up into his berth and sleep.”

He finally concluded that he would venture it; and so, putting one foot upon the edge of Rosa's berth, so as to use it for a step, he succeeded in clambering in.

“Ah!” said he to himself, as he laid down his head, “this is a nice place; I'm safe up here. When I am down upon the floor, the people are always blundering over me, and then scolding me for being in the way.”

Carl then shut up his eyes, and prayed God to take care of him, and Rosa, and Jocko during the night, especially if there should be a storm. He did not forget Jocko during this prayer. His remembering him was partly because he really loved him, and was desirous that he should be taken care of as well as himself and Rosa, and partly because he was depending a great deal upon Jocko to earn money in America to buy the farm.

“If any thing were to happen to Jocko,” said he to himself, “I do not know what we should do.”

After Carl had finished his prayer, he opened his eyes again, and peeped out upon the scene that presented itself before him. His place was so high that he had an excellent view, and he was greatly pleased with the opportunity which he now enjoyed of looking down upon all the crowd and confusion from a place where

The scene which Carl witnessed from his berth.A rough sea.

he was himself in safety. The noise and confusion were very great. There were men disputing and quarreling with each other about the places where they were to lie. Others were telling stories, and laughing at the jokes contained in them. There were mothers scolding their children, and children crying. The whole floor was covered with people, who were lying down upon it in all possible positions—men, women, and children buried in blankets and cloaks, and forming shapeless heaps that were mingled together in inexplicable confusion.

“I’m glad that I’m up here out of the way,” said Carl to himself.

He then reached his head out over the edge of the berth, so as to look down into Rosa’s berth below.

“Rosa,” said he, “are you asleep?”

There was no answer.

“Yes,” said he to himself, “she is asleep, and I’ll go to sleep too.” So he shut up his eyes and went to sleep.

About an hour afterward he awoke, or, rather, half awoke, feeling very uncomfortable. He perceived a sort of wriggling motion of the ship, as if she was restless and uneasy, and was struggling to escape from something or somebody. This motion made Carl feel giddy and sick.

“Ah!” said he to himself, “it is the storm, I suppose, coming on.”

He was, however, very sleepy, so he turned over upon the other side, and was soon asleep again, though his sleep was uneasy and disturbed.

In about an hour more he was awakened by hearing somebody call to him. He started up and listened.

Rosa is alarmed.

Carl quiets her fears.

Going to sleep again.

“Carl,” said the voice, “Carl, where are you?”

It was Rosa’s voice. Carl answered immediately, and looked down from his berth. By the dim light which shone in the place he could see Rosa leaning forward from her berth and looking for him.

“Carl,” said she, “where are you, and what is the matter?”

Carl listened, and heard a great noise and uproar upon the deck above. He heard loud voices shouting out words of command, and heavy footsteps running to and fro upon the decks. He also could hear sounds like those made by blocks and heavy coils of rope falling upon the deck, or dragging along upon it.

“Rosa,” said Carl, “here I am; and don’t be afraid. It is only the men on deck making ready for a storm.”

“It frightens me to hear them,” said Rosa.

“You must not be frightened,” said Carl; “we are all the safer for their doing these things. It shows they are taking care of the vessel. So you can shut up your eyes and go to sleep.”

“But, Carl,” said Rosa, “what makes the berths wriggle about so?”

Rosa had become quite accustomed to the long and slow rolling of the ship, which is its usual motion in ordinary weather at sea. But the sharp and short pitching and tossing which is produced by a high wind coming up suddenly was a very different thing. She perceived that it was something unusual, and it made her afraid.

“Oh, it is not any thing,” said Carl; “it is only the storm. We must lie down, and go to sleep again.” So Rosa lay down and soon fell asleep.

Scene on board a ship in a heavy sea.

When Carl awoke the next morning, the ship was pitching and tossing about over the waves in a most fearful manner, and every now and then there came a heavy shock, produced by the striking of a sea upon the bows, which made the ship tremble from stem to stern, and filled all the passengers with dismay. In such cases, in a moment after the sea had struck the ship, the water would come down upon the deck above in a perfect deluge, which threatened utterly to overwhelm her. Nobody, except the sailors and those who had been regularly trained to the sea, could walk or even stand. One or two who attempted it were thrown violently down by the pitching of the ship, and seriously hurt. To prevent the occurrence of such accidents, the stewardess passed through the steerage, holding on as she went to the various fixtures at the sides, and directed all the passengers to keep quiet just as they were.

“If you attempt to move about,” said she, “you will get thrown down, and break your legs and arms, and like enough your necks.”

Carl leaned over and looked down as well as he could to see if Rosa was awake. She *was* awake, but she was lying perfectly still, clinging to her berth in great terror.

“Rosa,” said Carl, “keep perfectly still.”

“Yes,” said Rosa, “I will.”

“And don’t be afraid,” said Carl. “It is a good strong ship, and I think the storm will be over pretty soon.”

“Yes,” said Rosa, “I think it will; but I only wish my father would come and take care of me.”

“I’ll take care of you, Rosa,” said Carl; “I can take care of

The scene from the deck.The captain's fears.

you just as well. If you want any thing, tell me. And now shut up your eyes again, and try to go to sleep."

Rosa was very willing to shut up her eyes, for she felt sick and miserable, and did not wish to talk; but she could not go to sleep. As for Carl, he had better courage. He wished very much that he could go up on deck and see the storm, but he knew that he ought not to attempt it.

If he had gone up, he would have beheld a fearful sight. The sea was every where white with foam, and dark, heavy clouds were scudding swiftly over the surface of it and across the sky. The wind was blowing with such fury that it was impossible for the ship to bear up against it at all, and so all the sails had to be taken in, and she was, as it were, abandoned wholly to the mercy of it. She was flying at a fearful rate over the waves, wherever the wind chose to drive her, and this was in a direction toward the land; for though, at the commencement of the gale, the direction of the wind was from the south, the course of it had shifted, and it was now blowing from the eastward.

"There is sea-room for us," said the captain to the mate that morning, "for twenty-four hours. After that, if the wind does not change or go down, God have mercy upon us."

Of course, the passengers in the steerage knew nothing about the ship's distance from the land, nor the fact that the chief danger to which they were exposed was coming into the vicinity of it. All that they thought of was this terrible pitching and tossing of the ship, and the awful shocks and concussion of the waves which struck upon her. They were afraid that they should be upset, or

In a storm at sea the danger is in being too near land.

that the seas would break the ship into pieces, or that in some other way they should be destroyed in the open ocean. They would have been relieved, rather than alarmed, to be told they were drawing near to land.

“Stewardess,” said one of the emigrant women who was lying on the floor, and who saw the stewardess coming by, “how is it now? is the wind going down?”

“Going down!” repeated the stewardess; “no; it is blowing harder than ever.”

“Oh dear me!” said the woman, “what shall we do? Ain’t we pretty near the land?”

“Pretty near the land!” exclaimed the stewardess, impatiently; “I’d give more money than ever I saw, if I had it, to be a thousand miles from land.”

The wind, instead of going down within twenty-four hours, as the captain had hoped, only seemed to blow harder and harder. The children lay all this time in their berths, unable to leave them on account of the pitching and tossing of the vessel. They could hear the seas roaring without, and thundering in an awful manner against the sides of the ship, while the wind shrieked and howled through the rigging like some savage monster furious for its prey.

With the exception of these sounds, a dead silence prevailed throughout the ship, both above and below. Carl thought it would have been a relief to have heard, in the intervals of the storm, the sound of the sailors’ feet trampling upon deck, or of voices giving commands, or of the rattling of ropes or blocks, or any other noise connected with human life or action. But nothing of this sort

A catastrophe.One of the masts gone by the board.

was heard. So far as the people on board were concerned, a dead and solemn stillness reigned every where, as if all effort had been abandoned, and even all struggle had ceased, and every one, in despair of farther help from any thing that they could do, were awaiting in silent awe the consummation of their fate.

About five o'clock, just as Carl and Rosa were trying to go to sleep, there came an unusually heavy concussion from a sea, which seemed to strike the ship on her side, and immediately afterward there followed a frightful crash on the deck above, and down over the side of the ship where Carl and Rosa were lying.

Rosa started up from her bed, and called out to Carl.

"Carl," said she, "what was that?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Carl; "but we must not mind it, whatever it is. Lie down and go to sleep again."

"I can't go to sleep," said Rosa.

"The way is," said Carl, "to put your head down in its place, and shut your eyes."

"I do shut my eyes," said Rosa, "but they won't stay shut."

Carl lay still and listened. At every dash of the waves he heard a frightful thumping against the side of the ship close to his ear. It seemed as if something was going to break through. It was one of the masts that made this noise. The mast had been snapped off, and had gone overboard at an unusually heavy lurch which the ship had taken, and it now lay alongside, entangled with the rigging, and thumping heavily against the ship's side at every dash of the seas.

In a few minutes Carl could hear shouts and the movements of

Cutting adrift.

A temporary calmness.

A new terror.

heavy tramping over his head. Presently he could hear blows like those of an axe.

“What is that?” said Rosa, rousing herself up again.

“I don’t know,” said Carl. “They are cutting something, but I don’t know what.”

In a few minutes the sound of the thumping ceased, and also that of the blows of the axe. A few more shouts and calls were then heard, and the sound of feet, as of persons going away, and then all was still again except the thundering of the seas against the sides of the vessel, and the howling of the winds.

The crash occasioned by the falling mast had for a moment produced a universal excitement in the steerage. Every body had started up to ask what was the matter, and some screamed aloud in their terror; but when the sound of the thumping ceased, this excitement gradually subsided, and the people became tolerably calm again.

It was not long, however, before they were all roused again by a shock that produced universal consternation. The ship struck upon the rocks. The sensation was as if some mighty monster had given her a sudden and violent push, which threw every body out of their places. The whole company of passengers were instantly thrown into a state of terror and confusion. A loud outcry burst from every part of the ship. The men leaped from the places where they had been lying, and struggled together at the ladder to get upon the deck. The women were beside themselves with terror. Some shrieked, some fainted or fell into convulsions; some were calm, but looked bewildered as if out of their senses,

Terrible panic of the passengers.The children in consternation.

and many were mute and motionless with despair. In the mean time the ship, as she rose and fell upon the seas, thumped heavily upon the rocks in the most awful manner.

The hatches* had been shut down for most of the time during the storm, but now they were opened, and every body was eager to get up upon the deck. The passengers imagined that somehow or other the ship was sinking, and that, unless they could get out of her, they would all be drowned. So they crowded together to the stairs, and then struggled and fought with each other to get up, uttering shouts, and screams, and outcries of all kinds, that were truly terrific. Some were squeezed or trampled upon in the press until they screamed with pain and terror; others were clamorously vociferating to their friends—women calling their children, and husbands their wives; others were shrieking hysterically in their fright without any object or design, and as there were more than one hundred passengers in the steerage, nearly all of whom joined in making this confusion, the scene was terrible beyond description.

In the mean time Carl and Rosa remained in their berths looking on, utterly confounded, and not knowing what to do. The thumps and concussions of the ship were so great that they were obliged to hold on firmly to the edge of their berths in order to keep their places. In this position, with their heads raised a little, they were looking down on the scene that was passing before them.

* The hatches are the covers of the openings which lead below from the deck. They are shut down in storms to prevent the seas from coming in.

Carl's prudence.

"When you don't know what to do, do nothing."

"Carl," said Rosa, at last, in a faint voice, "they are all going. Had not we better go too?"

"We can not go yet," said Carl; "they are all pushing each other, and we are not strong enough to push among them."

"Then what shall we do?" asked Rosa.

"I don't know," said Carl. "We must wait a little, and see what will happen."

It was a maxim that an excellent father once taught his son, "When you don't know what to do, do nothing." An excellent maxim it was, and Carl, though he had never heard it stated in words, was taught it in substance by his instinctive good judgment. It was well in this case that he acted as he did, for of those who went upon deck in this scene of confusion, a large number were immediately destroyed. The seas, at short intervals, were breaking over the ship; and as all was in confusion on the deck, and there was nobody there to take charge of them or give them any cautions, by the time that twenty or thirty had got up, and while they were trying to find some place of shelter or some means of escape, a heavy sea would come upon them unawares, and sweep away half or more of them in the boiling surges. Some would save themselves, as the sailors did, by seizing hold of the bulwarks or suddenly winding the coil of a rope around their bodies; but great numbers were swept away and drowned.

Others, in their terror and despair, leaped into the sea in hopes of swimming to the shore. They saw the shore not far from them, and without thought they leaped into the water in hopes of reaching it. Of these, however, scarcely any were saved. Nearly all

Different courses of the different passengers.

of them were either immediately overwhelmed in the boiling surges, or killed by being dashed against the rugged rocks which formed the shore.

When at length the greater portion of the passengers had gone up to the deck, the confusion and excitement in the steerage gradually subsided. There were still, however, a number of persons that remained below. Some of these remained because they thought that there was no hope for them, and so they determined quietly to await their fate where they were. Then there were mothers with young children, who could not bear the thought of exposing their helpless babies to the wind and sea which they heard roaring and thundering over the deck above. Others remained below because they really thought it was the safest and best place. Carl overheard one of the men say to another,

“She can’t go *down*, for she is on the rocks, and this is the safest place for us to be in till daylight.”

“But she may go to pieces,” said the other.

“Yes,” replied the first, “I expect that she will; and if she does, it will make no difference to us whether we are on deck or here.”

“Rosa,” said Carl, “I think we had better stay where we are till morning.”

“Yes,” said Rosa, “I think so too.”

“Or at least for a while,” added Carl, “till we see what will happen next.”

“Yes,” said Rosa, “that is the best thing that we can do.”

The noise and uproar which was heard upon deck gradually diminished. So, in fact, did the violence of the concussions pro-

Hopes.

Getting a line ashore.

Day-dawn.

duced by the shocks of the seas and the striking of the ship upon the rocks. The reason of this was that the tide was going down, and the wind also was subsiding. Still it blew fearfully, and the wind from time to time struck the ship with such force that those who remained below would start up from their places and look wildly about, as if they expected to see the vessel going to pieces. In the intervals of these shocks, the children could hear on the deck the noise of sailors moving to and fro, and of ropes and blocks rattling, and shouts like commands given by officers to men. About midnight, one of the men who had remained below went up to the deck to see what they were doing.

In a few minutes he came down again, saying,

“They are trying to get a line ashore. If they do it, there’s a chance to get off to-morrow morning.”

“That’s good news for us, Rosa,” said Carl.

“Yes,” said Rosa; “but how can we go ashore on a line?”

“I don’t know,” said Carl; “but there must be some way, or else they would not say so.”

Both Rosa and Carl felt considerably relieved by the gleam of hope which the story of the line had awakened in their minds. They remained quiet for some hours, speaking to each other occasionally, and watching the sounds which came to them from the deck, but not moving.

At length they saw a faint gleam of gray light coming down the hatches, which looked like the approach of morning.

“Rosa,” said Carl, “I think it is going to be morning.”

“I am glad of that,” said Rosa. “Then we will get up.”

The children get up and go on deck.The terrible scene.

“We will wait a little longer,” said Carl, “till it grows lighter.”

So they waited about half an hour longer, and then Carl said it was time for them to get up. The concussions of the ship had now nearly ceased, so that the children could get down from their berths without much difficulty. Carl got down first, and then helped Rosa out.

“Now,” said Carl, “take hold of me and hold carefully. We will leave Jocko here till we go up and see what is to be done.”

As the children passed across toward the stairs that led up to the deck, they observed that there were very few persons left below. Nearly all had gone up in the course of the night. When they reached the stairs, which were short and steep like a ladder, Carl went up first, and Rosa followed. When they arrived on deck and looked around, they beheld a terrible scene of ruin and confusion. The masts had been carried away, and the decks were encumbered with broken spars and entangled rigging. Here and there, in various places about the deck, groups of people were huddled together, wherever they could find shelter from the wind and sea. Many of these persons were almost exhausted from exposure to the cold and wet. Some of them, indeed, were actually perishing, and every heavy sea that struck the ship washed two or three away, and engulfed them forever in the foaming billows, where they sank never to rise again.

In the forward part of the ship a company of sailors were at work rigging an apparatus to convey the people that were still alive to the land. They had already succeeded in getting a cable ashore. The way in which they did it was this. They first fastened the

How the sailors got a rope to the shore.A fearful conveyance.

end of a small rope to a cask, and then threw the cask overboard toward the land, retaining the other end of the rope on board. The dash of the waves washed the cask toward the shore, and finally threw it up against the rocks, where some men who had assembled there succeeded in catching it, and in thus getting hold of the line. It was a moonlight night, so that they could succeed in doing this very well. The sailors on board then fastened their end of the line to the end of a cable, and thus the men on shore drew the end of the cable to the land.

When they had got it there, they secured it to a post which they set in a crevice of the rocks, high up from the sea, while the sailors fastened the other end to the stump of the mast. And now they had a tub, made of a very large cask sawed in two, which they were going to suspend to this cable by means of two rope-rings connected with a band of ropes which passed around the rim of the cask, and was secured there by proper lashings.

When they had got the cask suspended, they fastened two lines to it, one of which was to go to the shore, while the other remained on board the vessel. The shore-line was to enable the men on the rocks to draw the cask along the cable to the land, and the other was for the sailors on board to draw it back again. When all was ready, they put two of the passengers into the cask, and then giving a signal, the men on the rocks drew it to the shore—the rope-rings running along the cable, and the cask with the two people in it being suspended from it over the boiling surges, which moved and tossed their foaming crests below as if they had been living monsters furious for their prey.

The landing-place of the passengers.Scene of the shipwreck.

When the cask reached the shore, the passengers in it landed on a sort of shelving surface of the rock, just below where the end of the cable had been secured. Carl and Rosa watched the operation from a place of shelter which they had found upon the deck, where they were tolerably well protected from the spray. The process had been going on for some time when Carl and Rosa came up.



GETTING ASHORE.

The energy of the captain preserves order among the passengers.

“I should not dare to go ashore in that way,” said Rosa.

“We *must* go in that way,” said Carl. “There is no other way.”

“Then let us go now,” said Rosa.

“No,” said Carl. “There are a great many people that want to go first, and they are all pushing and crowding, I suppose. We will wait till there are not so many.”

Carl was mistaken in supposing that the order in which people went on shore was determined by the pushing and crowding. The captain of the ship, who was a very energetic and determined man, took the direction of the whole proceeding, and preserved admirable order. He stood by with one pistol in his hand and another in his belt. As soon as the tub was first ready for the conveyance of the passengers on shore, he called out to the seamen.

“Now, my lads, be cool and deliberate, and take your time. By going on regularly and in order we shall all get safe ashore, and don’t you have any fear that the regular order of proceeding will be interfered with. The moment I see any one disposed to interfere with it on the part of any man, passenger or seaman, it will be my duty to shoot him down on the spot, be he who he may, and you have known me long enough to know whether or not I shall do my duty.”

There were two or three strong men just ready to make a rush for the tub as soon as it should be ready, in order to be the first to get in; but the captain advanced to the foremost of them, and, raising his pistol, ordered him to stand back.

The man began to fall back, asking, at the same time, when it would be his turn.

The captain's arrangements for sending the people on shore.

“It will be your turn *last*,” said the captain. “You shall share the honor with me of being the very last to leave the ship.”

The captain then looked around and selected the two most feeble and exhausted-looking women that he could find, and put them into the tub. They lay down in it almost lifeless. As soon as they had gone the captain selected two others, and brought them forward so as to have them ready. Thus the work went on, the captain selecting the feeblest and the most helpless—the mothers with young children, and those most exhausted from exposure—to go first, and requiring all the strong and vigorous to wait. In this manner the process had been going on for an hour or more, when Carl concluded that he would go to the place and see when his and Rosa's turn would come.

“I'll go and see,” said he, “and pretty soon I will come back again.”

But Rosa was afraid to be left alone. She begged to be allowed to go with him.

“No,” said Carl, “you will only get knocked about. I will go alone first, and then come back to you.”

So he walked along toward the bows of the ship, for the cable upon which the passengers were going to the shore was attached to the stump of the foremast. There were a great many persons there waiting for the captain to call upon them to go. The ship was now nearly still, and the sun had risen so high as to make it tolerably warm and pleasant, so that the passengers who had assembled were no longer suffering much from the cold and wet, and those that had been nearly exhausted were beginning to revive.

The captain takes care of Carl and Rosa.

When Carl arrived at the place, he stood for a moment looking on to see the sailors put two men into the tub. As soon as they were in and the tub had gone, the captain began to look around to see who should go next, and his eye fell upon Carl.

“My boy,” said he, “who do you belong to? Where are your father and mother?”

“I don’t know, sir,” said he. “They were sick, and were taken away, and I don’t know what has become of them.”

“And who is with you now?” asked the captain.

“Nobody but Rosa,” said Carl—“Rosa and Jocko.”

“Where is Rosa?” asked the captain. “Go and bring her, and you and she shall go ashore next.”

So Carl went back immediately after Rosa. He found her waiting patiently for his return.

“Come, Rosa,” said he, “come; we are going ashore next.”

So he led Rosa along toward the bows. There he placed her in a secure position, and told her to wait while he went below for Jocko.

“And bring Camilla too,” said Rosa.

So Carl went down below. He found Jocko waiting there for him, very restless and uneasy, wondering where every body had gone.

“Ah! Jocko,” said Carl, “are you getting out of patience? I don’t wonder. But our turn has come now.”

So saying, he unfastened Jocko, and took him under his arm. He also took Camilla from the place in the berth where Rosa had left her. He was then ready to go up.

Carl's forethought.

Going ashore on the line.

The breakers.

"But stop," said he; "there are some sea-biscuit in my father's bag, and I will take two or three of them, so that we may have some breakfast when we get ashore."

So he opened the bag and took out three sea-biscuit, saying to himself as he took them out, one by one,

"There's one for Rosa, one for Jocko, and one for me. Camilla does not need any."

Then, with Jocko under one arm, and his biscuit under the other, and Camilla in his pocket, he climbed up the steep steps of the ladder which led to the deck, and there soon rejoined Rosa.

"Now, Rosa," said he, "come with me."

So saying, he led the way to where the captain was, though, on account of the ship's having keeled over when left by the tide, the deck was so sloping that it was difficult for them to walk.

"This is Rosa, sir," said Carl to the captain.

"Ah!" said the captain; "very well; you shall go now."

So the captain put Carl and Rosa into the tub, and the men on the rocks drew them safe to land.

Carl was considerably afraid while they were making the passage, but he endeavored to conceal his fears, so as not to alarm Rosa. He sat quiet and composed in the tub, without attempting to look over the side of it, though he could hear the breakers roaring against the rocks below him with a sound like thunder.

Jocko lay all the time perfectly still in Carl's arms. He looked anxious and uneasy, and he would have been very much terrified if he had not placed so much confidence in Carl's power to take care of him in any emergency.

The shipwrecked passengers on shore lingering near the wreck.

CHAPTER V.

AMERICA.



THE TUB.

THE tub in which Carl and Jocko were conveyed to the shore made a great many more passages to and fro between the ship and rocks, conveying always two and sometimes three—as, for example, when there was a small child to come in its mother's arms—of the passengers at a time. As fast as the passengers reached the rocks, the people that had assembled there took them to places of shelter. Those that had remained on the deck during the night

were many of them so exhausted that they could not stand, and they were carried by the people on the shore across a field to an old deserted house which stood about half a mile from the shore, where a fire was built to warm them, and some refreshments were provided. The others—those that were still well and strong—remained on the rocks watching the new arrivals in the tub. Some were waiting for the coming of relatives or friends who yet remained on board. Others stopped from curiosity or from a desire to see the last of the passengers—and then the crew and the captain—come safe to land. Others still waited in hopes that they might find some means of recovering their effects from the wreck after the passengers had all been saved.

Carl and Rosa in America.Energy and cautiousness.

Carl and Rosa remained a few moments on the rocks among these groups of by-standers, looking on bewildered by the strangeness of the scene, and not knowing what to do. Rosa kept close to Carl, holding him by the hand. Carl had the three biscuits under his arm, while Jocko sat perched upon his shoulder.

At length Carl began to think it best for him and Rosa to go on.

"Rosa," said he, "I don't think it is worth while for us to stay here any longer. We can't do any good. I suppose this must be America, and I think we had better walk along into the country."

"Well," said Rosa, "I am ready to go."

So they walked along. They first ascended the rocks until they came to the place where the path began that led across the field. There were persons going to and fro along this path. Just before them were a party carrying one of the female passengers who was so exhausted that she could not walk. They were carrying her upon a litter which they had made for the occasion.

"I expect that she is almost dead," said Rosa.

"Yes," said Carl; "that is because she was on deck all night in the cold and wet. It is lucky for us we staid in our berths."

It is very necessary to be energetic in emergencies, and they only who are so will go on prosperously in the world; but there is such a thing as being too eager, and pressing forward too urgently in times of difficulty and danger. They who walk get to the end of the journey sooner than those who run, if they only walk perseveringly and steadily, and do not waste time and lose opportunities by remissness and delays. Thus it was much wiser in Carl, at the time of the shipwreck, to remain with Rosa quietly

The house occupied by the passengers.The children traveling on.

below until morning, so long as he watched the course of events, and was ready to go ashore when the time came, rather than to have joined the throng that crowded to the deck in their eagerness and impatience to get to land, and to have remained there all night exposed to the cold and wet, and to all the fury of the wind and sea.

After walking along the path through the field for some time, the children came to the house where the passengers had been conveyed from the rocks. The house seemed very full, and there were a great many persons going and coming about the doors. Carl stopped for a moment to look at the house. The people that were going and coming seemed too busy to take any notice of him.

"Rosa," said he, "I suppose they have got something to eat in that house, and perhaps a fire. Are you cold?"

"No," said Rosa, "I am not cold, now that the sun is shining."

"Nor am I," said Carl; "and so I think that we had better go on. Besides, I do not think there is room enough for us in that house, and I don't think there will be enough to eat for all the people that are hungry."

"Then we had better go on," said Rosa, "and by-and-by we can stop and eat the biscuit."

"So we will," said Carl. "We will stop when we come to a brook or a spring, where we can get some water to drink."

They accordingly walked on. The path soon became a road; the road led through fields, in some of which the Indian corn was growing. Carl wondered what this plant could be. He had never seen it before.

By-and-by they came to a house. It was a small house by the

The road-side cottage.Carl encounters an American boy.

road side, with a yard in front full of shrubbery and flowers. The house was painted white, and there was a white fence.

“What a pretty place it is!” said Rosa.

“Yes,” said Carl, “it is a very pretty place indeed.”

Carl was surprised at the size of the windows in the house, and at the large panes of clear glass. The small houses that he had been accustomed to see in Europe were mere cabins, with very few windows in them, and those extremely small.

The children walked on, and they found the country more and more pleasant as they proceeded.

“I suppose there is no doubt but this is America,” said Carl, “but I should like to be really sure.”

“Then you had better ask somebody,” said Rosa.

“I will,” said Carl; “I will ask the first man I meet.”

But instead of a man, the next person the children met was a boy. He was a boy apparently about fourteen years old; he was driving a cow. As soon as Carl and Rosa came opposite to him, Carl addressed him, saying,

“Is this America?”

“America!” repeated the boy, very much astonished at such a question. He thought Carl asked it in some way as a joke. But before he had time to think much about it, his attention was caught by Jocko, who was sitting all this time on Carl’s shoulder.

“Where did you get that monkey?” said he.

“He is my monkey,” said Carl.

“Where did you get him, and where did you come from?” asked the boy.

Carl and Rosa find a pump where they stop to eat their lunch.

“We came over in a ship,” said Carl; “and the ship was wrecked last night down here on the rocks, and we have just got on shore.”

“Is there a wreck down on the rocks?” exclaimed the boy. “My stars!”

And, without saying a word more, he dropped the stick with which he had been driving the cow, and leaving her to eat grass by the road side, he ran off as fast as he could go in the direction from which Carl and Rosa had been coming.

“He would not answer us,” said Rosa.

“No,” said Carl; “but it *is* America, I have no doubt.”

So they walked on.

Presently they came to another house, and, as they drew near to it, they saw that in a yard by the side of it there was a pump, with a tub before it, for watering horses. The pump was raised a little above the ground around it, and there were flat stones laid at the sides of it, which served for steps and a platform.

“Ah!” said Carl, “now here is a good place to get some water, and I think they will let us sit on these stones to eat our biscuit.”

So they went to the place. Carl began to pump some of the water for Rosa to drink, and then he pumped for himself and drank. Jocko drank at once out of the tub, standing upon the margin of it, and putting his lips down to the water. As he did this, he prevented himself from falling in by holding on with his hands on each side, in a very comical manner.

When they had all drunk, the children sat down on one of the

Jocko amusing the children.Lucy conversing with Carl.

stone steps, and began to eat their biscuit. They gave Jocko his full share, and he ate what they gave him with great eagerness, sitting up, while he did so, on his hind legs, and holding the piece of biscuit in his hands. At every mouthful he would look up at Carl and Rosa, and wink at them in the most comical manner, which made them laugh very much, though he himself remained perfectly sober through the whole.

Some children, who lived in the house, seeing the monkey, came out to look at him. They seemed to be afraid to come near, but, after advancing a short distance from the door toward the pump, they stood with their hands behind them, wondering what the strange spectacle could mean.

“Come nearer,” said Carl, “if you wish to see the monkey.”

“Where did you get him?” asked one of the children.

“He came from England,” said Carl. “We came in a ship, but the ship was wrecked on the rocks.”

On hearing this, the children ran to tell their mother that there were a boy and a girl sitting by the pump that had been shipwrecked on the coast, and that they had a monkey.

“Ah!” said their mother.

“Yes,” said the children, “and we are going out to see them again.”

So the two children went out to see Carl and Rosa again. This time they went rather nearer than before, though still not very near. They were a little afraid of the monkey.

“Can your monkey dance?” asked one of the children named Lucy.

Jocko can not dance without music.

Carl's flageolet lost.

"Yes," said Carl, "he could dance if we only had any music for him to dance by. He will dance if you will sing."

Here Lucy laughed aloud. The idea of her singing to make music for a monkey to dance by seemed to her exceedingly amusing.

"What kind of music do you commonly have?" she asked.

"Why, my father had an organ," said Carl, solemnly.

"Where is your father?" asked Lucy.

"He is dead," said Carl, "and my mother too. They died on board the ship." Carl said this in a very mournful tone, and Lucy pitied him very much indeed.

After a moment's pause her thoughts reverted to the monkey again, and she asked Carl if there was any other kind of music that the monkey ever danced to.

"Yes," said Carl, "I used to play on a flageolet. I had a flageolet, and I could play four tunes on it; but my flageolet is in my father's chest on board the ship, and I don't suppose I can ever get it out."

"That's a pity," said Lucy.

"And I don't see that there is any other way for him to dance unless you will sing," continued Carl.

"Well," said Lucy, "I will sing."

So Lucy began to sing a little dancing song, and Jocko, on being ordered to do so by Carl, immediately began to dance about, keeping time with the music. In his dancing he turned round and round in a very comical manner, so much so that Lucy could not go on with her singing, but burst out into a long and joyous fit of laughter.

Lucy's kindness.A sudden change in her mother's charity.

After a little while Lucy concluded to ask her mother to let her give Carl and Rosa something for breakfast that would be better than a hard biscuit, which was all they seemed to have. So she and her sister went into the house and asked her mother to give them something.

"Yes," said her mother, "I shall be very willing to give them something. It is always our duty to be charitable to the poor."

"They seem to be very poor children," said Lucy, "and their father and mother are dead. They both died at sea."

"Then perhaps they died of cholera," said their mother, looking up suddenly, and appearing alarmed. "They may have died of cholera, or else of small-pox. They often have cholera or else small-pox on board those ships. Don't you go near them again. Go and shut the door, and put down the window, and have nothing more to do with them; or, stop, I will go and send them away."

So saying, the woman went to the door, and, calling out to Carl and Rosa, she told them to go away.

"Children," said she, "go away."

Carl was thunderstruck. He could not imagine what this sudden change in the feelings of the household toward him could mean.

"Go away," repeated the woman—"go away directly."

"Come, Rosa," said Carl, "we had better go."

So they both rose from their seats, and, taking the remainder of the biscuit in their hands, they went down into the road and walked away.

There are some persons whose charity to the poor and willingness to relieve those who are in distress seems very fair and prom-

The children come to another house.

A seat by the road side.

ising so long as the exercise of them is perfectly easy and safe, but fail immediately when there is any sacrifice to make or danger to incur. Lucy's mother was one of these.

The children walked on.

"Never mind," said Carl; "we had a chance to eat a part of our biscuit, and we had a good drink of water."

"So we did," said Rosa.

"And now we can eat the rest of our breakfast walking along the road," continued Carl.

So they went on.

"I wish I had a flageolet," said Carl. "I might play upon it, and make Jocko dance to amuse the children here in America, and so we could get some money, perhaps."

"I wish you had one," said Rosa.

At length they came to another house. There was a little garden by the side of it, with a path leading from the door of the house across a green yard to a garden gate. There were one or two boys just going through the gate carrying a little ship which they had been rigging, and were now going to sail in a pond at the foot of the garden.

On the opposite side of the road, near where Carl and Rosa were, there lay a large log, which had once been the mast of a vessel. The log lay in a convenient place to make a good seat. As soon as Carl saw it, he proposed to Rosa that they should sit down upon it and rest.

"Yes," said Rosa, "I should like to sit down, for I am tired; besides, we can see what these boys are going to do with their vessel."

The boys.

Is Jocko a cat or a dog?

Trueman.

One of the boys at the garden gate, happening at this moment to look that way, caught sight of Carl and Rosa and the monkey.

“Hi-yi!” exclaimed he, with great surprise. “What has that boy got down on the old mast?”

The other boys who were with him looked eagerly in that direction, but they could not decide what animal it was.

“It is a dog,” said one, “all dressed up.”

“It is a cat,” said another.

“Let us go down and see,” said a third.

So the boys all went down toward the road, carrying their vessel with them, and looking eagerly at Jocko all the way.

When they reached the road they stopped on the side of it opposite to where Carl and Rosa were sitting, and gazed intently at Jocko.

“What is that you have got there?” asked one of the boys, whose name was Trueman.

“It is a monkey,” said Carl, “and his name is Jocko.”

“Is he yours?” said Trueman.

“He is my father’s,” said Carl.

“Where does your father live?” asked Trueman.

“He used to live in Italy,” said Carl, “but now we are going to America.”

Just at this moment a cart drawn by oxen was seen coming along the road. The man who was driving it was seated on the tongue of it, between the oxen and the cart-body. The man looked earnestly at Carl and Rosa as he went by, but he did not stop.

After going a few steps farther he came opposite the house. Now

What the man in the cart said to Trueman's mother.

it happened that Trueman's mother had just then come out to find her boys for the purpose of telling them it was time to go to school. There was a little path which led down from the front door of the house to the gate of the front yard, and Trueman's mother had come down there, and, seeing her boys looking so eagerly toward the children sitting on the mast, she stopped a moment to look too, and there she was standing as the man with his cart was going by.

"Mrs. Roundy," said he, "I think you had better tell your boys to give those children with the monkey a wide berth."

"Why so?" asked the woman.

"I expect they came from the ship that was wrecked on the point last night," said the man; "and they had the cholera on board. The select-men are going to put the passengers all into quarantine, I believe; but, somehow or other, these children managed to get away—the little vagabonds!"

By this time the cart and the man had got beyond Mrs. Roundy's hearing.

"Boys," said Mrs. Roundy, calling to Trueman and his brothers, "come here."

The boys immediately obeyed. They had been taught to obey.

"It is time for you to go to school," said their mother.

"Yes; but, mother," said Trueman, "here are some poor children with a monkey, and they look very tired and hungry. I wish you would let us give them some breakfast."

"I will give them some breakfast," said Mrs. Roundy; "but it is time for you to go to school."

So the boys went back to the house to put away their vessel,

Mrs. Roundy's kindness was not discouraged by her fears.

and then, taking their books and slates, they set off to go to school. Their mother told them they might stop as they passed and look at the monkey if they wished, and that they might talk with the boy and girl, but that they must not go near them.

"You must keep on the other side of the road from where they are," said Mrs. Roundy.

"Why, mother?" asked Trueman.

"I will tell you why," said their mother, "when you come home at noon. You may tell the children when you go by that I am coming pretty soon to give them some breakfast, and that they must wait where they are till I come."

There are some persons whose disposition to relieve the poor and distressed is increased instead of being diminished by the difficulties and dangers attending it, and Mrs. Roundy was one of these. The fact that these strangers had come from a ship which had the cholera on board, and that, perhaps, they had been made orphans by it, only rendered her the more desirous to give them a good breakfast than she had been before. At the same time, she had good sense enough not to expose herself to any unnecessary danger, but to take all proper precaution to guard against any possible contagion.

So she went into the house, and then, after the boys had gone to school, she came down to the road again, opposite to where Carl and Rosa were sitting. Standing there, she accosted Carl, and asked him where he came from, and where he was going. Carl gave a full and honest account of himself. He told her about their coming from Europe in the packet ship, and about the chol-

Carl's account of the voyage.What Mrs. Roundy did.

era that broke out on board, and the disappearance of his father and mother, and of Rosa's father.

"I suppose," said he, mournfully, when he had finished the account, "that they are all dead."

He then proceeded to relate how the ship was wrecked, and how he and Rosa, together with a great many of the passengers, had been saved by the tub; and finally, when Mrs. Roundy asked him where he intended to go, and what he intended to do, he said that if this was America he was going to try to get to Vermont, in order to get a place as a farmer's boy.

Mrs. Roundy told him that it *was* America, and that she did not think he could do better than to go to Vermont, if he could get there, and become a farmer's boy.

"And now," continued Mrs. Roundy, "I am going to give you some breakfast, if you want some, and that is all that I can do for you. Are you hungry?"

"We are not very hungry," said Carl, "because we have had some biscuit to eat."

"I will give you a better breakfast than that," said Mrs. Roundy. "Wait till I come and call you."

So she went back to the house. In about ten minutes the children saw her coming out of the end door with a plate in one hand and a large mug in the other. But, instead of coming down toward the road, she went across the yard to the garden gate, and, going in there, she disappeared.

In a few minutes she came back again, and, calling out to Carl, she said,

The breakfast in the garden.Jocko's coffee-cup.

“Children, your breakfast is ready. Go in through the garden gate, and turn to the left. Under the trees you will see a seat with your breakfast upon it. After you have eaten it, you can come out through the gate and go along. I am sorry that I can not do more for you.”

Mrs. Roundy would have been glad to do something more for the children if her husband had been at home to tell her what it was proper to do to guard against any danger of contagion; and, in that case, she would have taken them into the house, and kept them there, until they were entirely rested from their dangers and fatigues. But, in the absence of her husband, she thought it not right for her to do any more than to give them a good breakfast and send them on their way.

The children followed the direction that Mrs. Roundy had given them, and went into the garden. They found the seat very readily. In the plate were some large slices of cold roast beef on one side, and on the other four pieces of buttered toast, hot from the fire. The mug was quite large, and was filled with coffee, also hot, and already prepared with milk and sugar.

Both Carl and Rosa were delighted at the sight of this breakfast, and they found, when they began to eat it, that they were really quite hungry. The coffee, in particular, was excellent, and it refreshed them very much to drink it. They gave Jocko his share of it. In order to enable him to drink it conveniently, Carl poured it out for him into a clam-shell which Rosa found under the seat. The clam-shell made an excellent cup for Jocko to drink from.

Carl inquiring the way to Vermont.

“Let us keep the shell,” said Carl. “We can carry it with us, and then we can let Jocko have another good drink if any body should ever give us some coffee again.”

“Or any milk,” said Rosa.

“Yes,” rejoined Carl, “he would like milk as well as coffee, I suppose.”

There would have been really no danger in Mrs. Roundy’s taking the children directly into her house, though, as her husband was absent, and she did not know certainly but that there might be danger, she was right in acting as she did. She was, however, very reluctant to let them go away without doing something more for them, and when she saw them coming out of the garden gate she went to the door to bid them good-by.

“Did you have enough breakfast, children?” said she.

“Yes, ma’am,” said Carl, “and here are the plate and the mug.”

“You may put them down there on that block by the gate,” said Mrs. Roundy, “and I will come and get them by-and-by. I wish I could do something more for you.”

“No, ma’am, we don’t want any thing more,” said Carl, “except to have you tell us the way to Vermont.”

“It is a very long way to Vermont,” said Mrs. Roundy, “but perhaps some of the conductors will let you ride in the cars when you come to the rail-road. You must keep directly on in the way you are going, and inquire of the people that you meet from time to time. Good-by.”

Carl's thanks.

Pleasing prospects.

Jocko.

“Good-by, ma’am,” said Carl and Rosa, both speaking together. Carl added also, “And we are very much obliged to you for our good breakfast.”

So the children walked on.

“She was very kind to us,” said Rosa, as soon as Mrs. Roundy had gone in and shut the door. “If every body will be as kind as she is, we shall do very well.”

“We don’t need that every body should be so kind,” said Carl. “If we find only two persons every day, it will be enough.”

“Yes,” said Rosa, “it will.”

When the children reached the road they turned in the direction toward Vermont, and walked away much pleased with their situation and prospects.

Jocko, of course, went with them. He seemed very well satisfied with Mrs. Roundy’s hospitality. He rode upon Carl’s arm, listening to the children’s conversation, and watching the scenery with great interest.

How Carl learned to play the flageolet.

Approaching a town.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FLAGEOLET.



THE FLAGEOLET.

THE flageolet is a very easy instrument to play, and that was the reason why Carl's father had procured one for him, and had taught him to play some tunes upon it when he was traveling in France and England. Carl had learned four tunes, and he used to like very much to play them for Jocko to dance by, to amuse the children who were looking on. He used to do this at times when his father was sick or was otherwise engaged, and several

times he obtained a number of pieces of money from the children that listened to him. He wished very much that he had his flageolet now, but he thought there was no possible way of getting it.

It was now about ten o'clock in the morning, and, as the day was very pleasant and the children had been much refreshed by their breakfast, they walked along at a good pace for two or three hours. At length they began to draw near to a town. It was quite a large town, and a very pretty looking one.

"What a pretty town!" said Carl.

"Perhaps," said Rosa, "you will get some money in it by letting the children see Jocko."

Carl and Rosa in the streets of the town.The toy shop.

“I could, perhaps,” said Carl, “if I only had something to make music for him to dance by. They like to see him dance better than any thing else.”

They soon came to the entrance to the town, and as they passed along the street every body turned to look at them. They were very pretty children, and, as they were dressed very neatly in somewhat of a foreign fashion, they looked quite picturesque as they walked along together. But what chiefly attracted the attention of the people was Jocko, who sat perched upon Carl’s shoulder, and held himself in place by passing his arm over Carl’s head.

As the children passed on, they stopped now and then to look into the windows and stores along the line of the street. There were a great many things displayed at these windows which Carl had never seen before and did not know. Other things he knew very well. There was one window where there were pictures to be seen, and there they stopped for some time. At a little distance beyond this there was a toy shop.

“Ah!” said Carl, “here are some toys and playthings. They are just the kind I have seen in Germany and Switzerland.”

This was very true. Indeed, most of the toys which are used by the children in America are made in Germany, and are imported into this country in ships across the Atlantic Ocean. It seems a great way to bring a doll, or a Noah’s ark, or a little wooden cart for children to play with, but so it is. Almost all such things come from Germany and Holland, packed in casks or great boxes, and then are unpacked and sold when they arrive to amuse the American children.

Carl thinks of making a purchase.

Rosa's money.

While Rosa was still looking at the toys, Carl went on to see the next window, and immediately exclaimed,

"Ah! Rosa, here is a music store. I am very glad. Now I can get a flageolet. I thought there must be a music store in America. Now I can buy a flageolet."

"Have you got any money?" asked Rosa.

"Yes," said Carl, "I have got plenty of money in my money-belt; and I am sure my father would think it would be a good plan for me to buy a flageolet with some of it, only I don't know how I can get it out."

"Why not?" asked Rosa.

"Why, you see," said Carl, "I don't like to take off the money-belt here in the street. Father said that I must not let any body know that I had a belt."

After pausing a moment to consider what it was best to do in this emergency, Carl happened to think of the little bag of gold which he had belonging to Rosa. He put his hand in his pocket and took it out.

"Look here!" said he.

"What is it?" asked Rosa.

"Money," replied Carl. "It belongs to you."

"To me?" said Rosa, looking very much surprised.

"Yes," said Carl, "it belongs to you." Carl then related to Rosa the history of this little bag. He told her how her father had given it to *his* father to be taken care of, and how his father had finally given it to Carl himself.

"I am only keeping it for you," said he.

Carl and Rosa take out a sovereign.

The shop-keeper.

“Is the bag any easier to open than the belt?” asked Rosa.

“Yes,” said Carl, “a great deal easier.”

“Then you had better open the bag,” said Rosa, “and get some of the money that is there, if there is enough.”

“Ah! yes,” said Carl, “there is a great deal more than enough. It is full of sovereigns.”

The sovereign is an English coin. It generally passes in America for four dollars and eighty-four cents.

So Carl and Rosa turned into a little alley that opened upon the street, and there, standing close together, so that nobody could see them, they opened the bag and took out one of the gold pieces. They then tied the bag up again as tight as before.

“Now,” said Carl, “we will go in and buy a flageolet.”

So they went into the store. A man came behind the counter to see what they wanted.

“Have you got any flageolets to sell?” asked Carl.

For a moment the man did not answer. His attention was wholly taken up by Jocko, who sat upon Carl’s shoulder, and was looking about the shop with a countenance full of curiosity and wonder.

There were also quite a number of children about the door. They had been watching Carl and the monkey, and had followed them to the door, and were now waiting and watching there, not daring to go in.

Presently the man so far recovered his thoughts as to say,

“A flageolet? What do you want of a flageolet?”

“To make music for Jocko to dance by,” said Carl.

Jocko's performance in the toy shop.

"Is your monkey named Jocko?" asked the man.

"Yes," said Carl.

"And can he dance?" asked the man.

"Yes," said Carl, "if there is any way to make music for him."

"And can you play on the flageolet?" asked the man.

"Yes, sir," said Carl, "I can play a few tunes."

The man then opened a drawer under the counter, and took out a flageolet, which he handed to Carl, saying,

"Then let us see your monkey dance."

"Take off your hat, and thank the gentleman," said Carl, addressing Jocko.

Jocko immediately took off his hat and made a bow, and then instantly put it on again, and looked eagerly, first at the man and then at Carl, as if to see if there was any thing more for him to do. He also, at the same instant, leaped off from Carl's shoulder to the counter.

"Down!" said Carl—"down to the floor!"

So Jocko jumped down to the floor. Here all the children at the door began to caper about with delight, and clapped their hands.

Carl gave the end of Jocko's chain to Rosa, that she might hold it while Jocko danced, and then, taking the flageolet, he commenced playing a tune. Jocko immediately began to waltz about the floor in a very amusing manner. The music-seller laughed aloud.

After playing a few minutes, Carl stopped when he came to the

Jocko saluting the company.

Paying for the flageolet.

Change.

end of his tune, and Jocko, of course, immediately stopped dancing.

“Salute the company, Jocko,” said Carl.

So Jocko took off his hat, and first bowed to the music-seller, and then bowed to them. He then clapped his hat upon his head again, and leaped upon the counter.

“Very well,” said the music-seller—“very well indeed.”

“And what is the price of the flageolet?” asked Carl.

“Why, the price is two dollars and a half,” said the man, “but you can’t buy it. You have not any money; at least, you have not enough, I suppose.”

“Is that enough?” asked Carl, and as he spoke he took a sovereign out of his pocket and handed it to the man.

The man took the gold piece and threw it down upon the counter to hear the ring of it.

“Where did you get this money?” asked the man, eyeing Carl sternly.

“We brought it over with us,” said Carl. “Is it enough?”

“Yes, it is more than enough,” said the man. “The flageolet comes to two dollars and fifty cents, and that piece is worth four dollars and eighty-four cents. I will give you the change.”

So saying, the music-seller opened a drawer and took out a two dollar bill and some change, all of which he laid upon the counter.

Carl looked at the paper money suspiciously.

“Could not you give me some silver money?” said he. “I don’t understand such money as that.”

“I’ll see,” said the man. So he opened his drawer again and

Carl and Rosa pass through the town.The bridge.

took out four half dollars. These he gave to Carl instead of the bill, which last he put back into the drawer again.

Carl took the money and put it in his pocket. He had the flageolet in his hand. He then said, "Come, Jocko." Jocko leaped upon his shoulder, and Carl immediately walked out of the shop, Rosa following him.

Rosa expected that Carl would stop in the street immediately after leaving the shop where he had bought the flageolet, in order to try it, especially as there were a number of children assembled; but Carl did not do so. The excitement of buying the flageolet was enough for one occasion. In coming out from the shop, with the instrument in his hand and the change in his pocket, he felt as if he had performed quite a feat, and, indeed, almost as if he had escaped a danger. He wished to rest a little while from this performance, and consider his situation before undertaking another. So he walked rapidly along the sidewalk, leading Rosa by the hand, and carrying Jocko on his shoulder. The children followed a little while, and then dropped off one by one, and at last left them to themselves.

They soon passed through the town, and came to green fields again.

"Now, Rosa," said Carl, "the first good place that we come to we will sit down and look at our money. I want to see what kind of money it is that the man gave me."

They did not have to go far to find a good place to sit down. The place was under a bridge. It was where quite a large brook ran across the road, tumbling over rocks and pebble-stones.

The children under the bridge scrutinizing their money.

“Ah!” said Carl, “here is just the place, under this bridge. We can find seats on the rocks, and nobody can see us.”

So Carl turned out of the road into a little path which led down to the bank of the stream. Rosa followed him. Under the bank they found some large flat stones to sit upon, close to the margin of the water. Here Carl took the money which the music-seller had given him out of his pocket, and spread it out upon the flat stone between him and Rosa. They then began to take up the coins one after another, to examine them.

“This,” said he, taking up one of the half dollars, “must be half a crown; but perhaps they have some other name for it in this country. I have got four of them.”

“And what is this?” said Rosa, taking up one of the cents.

“It must be some kind of a halfpenny,” said Carl. “You see it is copper money, and it is almost as big as a halfpenny.”

“I wish we knew what the name of it was,” said Rosa.

“So do I,” said Carl.

“I don’t see how you can pay the money unless you know what the name of it is,” said Rosa.

“I can tell what the *value* of it is,” said Carl, “by seeing how big a piece of silver or copper it is. That is the way my father did when he came to England. He did not understand the money at all, and so, when he asked them what the price of any thing was, and they told him, and he did not understand what they said, he would take out some money from his pocket and let them show him. Then he would observe how much silver there was in the money that they showed him, and if it was about as much

Jocko in mischief.

Stealing a penny.

as he would have had to pay in France, then he would know that it was all right. You see it all depends upon how much silver there is in it. The money is only good for the silver there is in it."

"Or the gold," said Rosa.

"Yes, the gold, if it is gold money," said Carl.

All this time Jocko had been sitting quietly on the flat stone looking at the money, and listening apparently with great attention to the conversation. But as he was not capable of understanding such a discussion as this on the value of money very well, he found the conversation rather dull, and so he concluded to vary the entertainment a little. He accordingly took the opportunity, when Carl's hand was for a moment off the money, to seize one of the cents, and instantly, as soon as he had it in his paw, he ran off with it up one of the posts of the bridge, and when he reached the railing above, he took his seat upon it with the cent in his hand, and began looking about on the surrounding scenery with the utmost gravity imaginable.

"Now, Jocko!" exclaimed Rosa, in a piteous and complaining tone.

Carl laughed. "Never mind," said he; "it is only one of the copper coins, and it can't be worth a great deal; besides, he will come back with it presently. He will come whenever I call him."

Indeed, Rosa had the end of the cord which was fastened to Jocko's chain in her hand, for she had instinctively seized hold of it the moment that she saw Jocko spring away. She pulled

Rosa could not pull Jocko down.

Music.

Applause.

upon the cord a little, but Jocko clung firmly to the railing, and would not come down.

“Let him stay there a few minutes,” said Carl.

So saying, Carl gathered up the remainder of the money and put it in his pocket. He then took off his cap, and, holding it out, he said,

“Jocko, bring me the money.”

Jocko immediately ran down the post and dropped the money in Carl’s cap.

“Now,” said Rosa, “you had better try your flageolet.”

“So I will,” said Carl. “I should like to see if I can play all my tunes.”

Carl accordingly began to play his tunes. He found that he had partially forgotten one or two of them, but by practicing them two or three times he quite recovered his recollection of them.

At last, just after he had finished playing one of these tunes, his attention, as well as Rosa’s, was attracted by hearing the word GOOD pronounced in a distinct voice somewhere above them. They looked up, and saw two men’s heads projecting over the railing of the bridge. They were the heads of two young men who happened to be passing by at that time, and whose attention had been attracted by the sound of the music.

“Good, my boy,” said one of the men, when Carl looked up; “you play very well. And can your monkey dance?”

“Yes, sir,” said Carl.

“Then, if you will come to the next house, where there are some children, I will give you a fourpence ha’penny.”

A performance for the children.The four tunes.

What the man could mean by a fourpence ha'penny Carl could not possibly imagine.

"Let us go," said Rosa.

"Yes, we will," said Carl.

So they all went up the path again by which they had come down, and so joined the men on the bridge. The whole party then walked along together toward the house. On the way the young men asked Carl a great many questions, and seemed much interested in the account he gave of himself.

When they arrived at the house the young men went in, leaving Carl and Rosa at the door. In a few minutes they came out again, bringing with them three or four children. One of the children was an infant. The infant was brought in the arms of her sister, who was about thirteen years old.

"Salute the company, Jocko," said Carl.

At this command Jocko took off his cap and bowed to the company, and then clapped it on his head again. He did this with such comical motions, and at the same time with such a grave and demure face, that all the children were greatly amused.

Carl then began to play, while Jocko danced. This performance amused the children still more than the bow. After Carl had finished one of his tunes they called for another, and so on till he had played all four of them. The children still called for more.

"I don't know any more," said Carl.

"Then play the same ones over again," said the children.

So Carl played his four tunes over again, and by that time

Minnie brings cake for Jocko.What the baby said to Jocko.

Jocko began to be tired of dancing. The children perceived this, and Anne, the oldest one, who had the baby in her arms, said they must not make him dance any more.

"He is tired," said she, "and he ought to have something to eat." Then, looking toward Carl, she asked what he liked to eat.

"Oh, he eats almost every thing," said Carl.

"Would he like a little cake?" asked Anne.

"Yes," said Carl, "very much indeed."

"Then run in, Minnie," said Anne, "and bring him out a seed-cake."

So Minnie went in, and pretty soon came out again with a little round cake in her hand. All the children wanted to take the cake when she brought it, but Minnie said, "No, I am going to give it to him myself."

Minnie accordingly advanced toward Jocko, though rather timidly, and reached out the cake to him. Jocko took it at once, but, instead of eating it, he began to smell of it in an exceedingly impolite way.

"You ought to be ashamed, Jocko," said Rosa; "just as if the young lady would give you any cake that was not good."

Jocko soon satisfied himself that the cake was good, and immediately began to eat it, holding it in his paws while he bit off small pieces from the edge of it, just as any child would have done. The baby laughed aloud, and pointed its little finger at Jocko, saying, "Coo! coo!"

Jocko went on eating the cake, but at the intervals of his bites he looked first at the baby and then at the rest of the company

The children give Jocko a drink.Money earned.

with such a comical expression of countenance that the children jumped and capered about with delight.

At length, when Jocko had finished the cake, the children brought out a little milk in a saucer and gave him a drink. They also asked Carl and Rosa if they did not wish for something to eat, but they said that they were not hungry, as they had had a good breakfast an hour or two before.

The young man who had engaged them to come to the house then put his hand in his pocket, and took out a piece of money and gave it to Carl.

“There,” said he; “I promised you fourpence ha’penny, and there is ten cents.”

Carl took the money and thanked the young man for it. He then ordered Jocko to salute the company, which Jocko did by taking off his hat and making a bow to them, and then they went away.

As this was the first money which Carl had earned in America, he was very proud of it. He did not put it in his pocket, but kept it in his hand, intending to stop and examine it as soon as he got away from the house.

“It is about as big as a sixpence,” said Carl, after looking attentively at the money.

He meant an English sixpence. Now, as an English sixpence is of the value of twelve cents, Carl was tolerably correct in his estimate of the quantity of silver in the coin.

It was not very long that Carl remained in ignorance of the names of the coins. He learned them all at a toll-house which

Carl and Rosa at the toll-house.The toll-man's grandmother.

he and Rosa came to in the course of the forenoon. The toll-house was at the end of a bridge. When the children came to it, the toll-gatherer came out to ask for the toll.

"How much is it?" said Carl.

"Two cents," said the toll-man; "one for each of you." The toll-man then, like every body else that Carl had any thing to do with, seemed to forget his business, and to turn his attention wholly to Jocko. After asking several questions about Jocko, he invited the children to go into his toll-house.

"I want you to show the monkey to my old grandmother," said he.

So the children followed the toll-gatherer into the house. The room was very small indeed. There was a single bed in one corner, and near by it, by a window, there was an ancient elbow-chair, in which sat an old woman. She was bolstered up in the chair as if she was very infirm, but she had some knitting-work in her hand, showing that she was not too old to knit, and her eyes looked bright and intelligent.

"Grandmother," said the man, "I have brought in something to make you laugh."

"Ah!" said she, "what a funny-looking monkey! I remember seeing one when I was a child. A sailor brought it home from the coast of Africa."

The old lady seemed very much amused with the monkey, and she laughed heartily to see him dance. After remaining a little while Carl said they must go, and he asked again how much the toll was.

Carl learns the American coins from the toll-man.

“The toll is two cents,” said the man, “but I shall not charge you any thing. I will pay it for you, in return for your having amused grandmother so much with the monkey.”

“How much is two cents?” asked Carl.

“My stars!” exclaimed the woman, “don’t the children know how much two cents is? They must just be come from foreign parts.”

“Yes,” replied Carl, “we have.”

So saying, he took his silver and his copper money from his pocket, and asked the toll-man if any of those were cents.

The toll-man showed him the cents, and also told him the names of the other pieces of money. He explained to him that the large silver coins were half dollars—not half crowns, as Carl had supposed.

After having gained this information, Carl thanked the toll-gatherer for his kindness in letting him go over the bridge without paying toll, and then ordered Jocko to salute the lady, which he did with great gravity. They all then left the toll-house, and, proceeding over the bridge, they went on their way.

Bidding the old lady good-by.

Earnings.

The plan of buying the farm.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TRAIN.



THE TOLL-HOUSE.

THE toll-house was a very pretty one, and the children stopped a moment to look back at it as they went over the bridge. They saw the old lady sitting at the window, and she nodded to them when they looked back to bid them good-by once more.

“Rosa,” said Carl, “we have got along very well. We have earned something twice with Jocko. First we earned the ten cents, and now we have earned two cents.”

“Yes,” said Rosa, “so we have.”

“Perhaps we can earn enough,” continued Carl, “to pay our expenses on the journey all the way to Vermont, and so keep the whole of our gold money to help buy our farm.”

“Yes,” said Rosa; “and you may have all *my* gold money.”

It is true that Carl had no definite plan of buying a farm in Vermont for himself and Rosa alone, but the recollection of his father’s desire to buy a farm still lingered in his mind and gave direction to his thoughts; besides, although for the present he felt himself entirely separated from his father and mother, he did not realize that they were dead, and so he still continued in some

Why Jocko's shell could not be used as a contribution-box.

sense to include them in the hopes and anticipations which he formed for the future.

“We will earn all the money we can,” said Carl. “I will play the flageolet and make Jocko dance, and you shall go round to the spectators and take the money which they give you.”

“Yes,” said Rosa, “if you will lend me your cap to take it in.”

On further reflection, the children thought that the shell which they had taken from Mrs. Roundy's garden to serve as a cup for Jocko to drink out of would do instead of a cap to be used for a contribution-box, and for a day or two afterward they tried the plan of so using it. But they found that this plan did not succeed very well, for Jocko, after having had a few good drinks of coffee and of milk out of the shell, came to associate so strongly with the sight of it the idea of something good for himself, that whenever Rosa produced it for the purpose of collecting money, he would instantly stop dancing and run for a drink, and this entirely interrupted the performance.

However, in a few days Rosa had a very nice thing to collect her money in. It was a small tambourine, which Carl thought it best to buy. He bought it in a toy shop. With this tambourine Rosa could keep time by beating upon it, while Carl played and Jocko danced, and then, after the performance was ended, she carried it round to collect the money in it.

Things went on prosperously in this way for several days. The children earned a good deal of money in the towns and villages that they passed through, and at night they stopped at small taverns, where they could have a lodging for a small sum. Once

Carl and Rosa at the tavern.Sleeping in the barn.

the tavern-keeper would not let Carl sleep in the house under pretense that he had not room for him. This was only an excuse, however. The real reason was, he was afraid that he would steal something, and go off with it in the morning before the family were up. So they told him that they would give Rosa a place in the house, but that he himself must sleep in the barn on the hay.

Carl accordingly slept in the barn. He had a very good time there, only he was awakened once in the night by two horses in the stalls below, that got into a quarrel and disturbed the whole stable by biting each other, and neighing and kicking.

Of course, the children traveled very slowly, and at one time they stopped several days in a large town. There was a railroad passing through this town, and Carl asked one of the workmen if that rail-road led to Vermont. But he said no, it led to Boston.

Carl learned a new tune for his flageolet after he had been traveling a few days. The way in which he learned it was this. He was passing along through the country with Rosa and Jocko, when at length, not far from a large village, he came to a place where there was a very pretty house, ornamented with green blinds and a piazza, which stood back a little way from the road. The house was almost surrounded by trees and shrubbery, and it had a pretty yard by the side of it. On one side was a great gate which opened to a broad graveled road that led up to the house. This gate was open, and just as the children were passing by, two boys playing horses came running down to the gate.

One of the boys was horse and the other was driver. As soon

The boys playing horses.

A voice from the house.

as they saw Carl and the monkey, the driver reined up his horse, and exclaimed, with astonishment,

“Hi-yo! what’s coming now? Here’s a part of a menagerie. Look, Johnnie!”

Johnnie was the youngest boy. He was the horse.

“What is that you are carrying?” said John, addressing Carl.

“It is a monkey,” said Carl.

“What do you do with him?” asked the oldest boy.

“He dances,” replied Carl, “when I play to him on my flageolet.”

“Let’s see him dance,” said Johnnie.

“Well,” said Carl, “if you wish to see him you can.”

So they stopped, and Jocko jumped down from Carl’s shoulder. Carl took the parts of the flageolet out of his pocket, and, after putting them together, began to play a tune. Rosa beat time upon her tambourine. Jocko, when the word of command was given him, began to dance. The two boys were exceedingly amused.

As soon as the first tune was finished and Jocko stopped dancing, Carl and Rosa heard a voice from the house—which sounded like that of a young lady—calling out

“Theodore!”

“What?” said Theodore, calling out in reply. Theodore was the oldest of the two boys.

The foliage of the trees and shrubbery was so dense that the children could not see where the voice came from.

“What is that music?” asked the voice.

“It is a boy with a monkey,” said Theodore, calling out to the invisible speaker.

Carl and Rosa with Jocko upon the piazza.

Marianne's kind offer.

"Bring him up here," said the voice.

"Marianne wants you to go up there," said Theodore, addressing Carl and Rosa. "Will you go?"

"Yes," said Carl, "we have no objection."

So they all went through a great gate, and up the gravel road that led to the house. Pretty soon they came in sight of a window opening out upon a pretty piazza, with a young lady standing in it and looking out. She was a very pleasant-looking girl, and appeared to be about fourteen years old.

She seemed to be very much interested in Jocko, and, after seeing him walk about on the piazza a few minutes, she wished to see him dance. So Carl and Rosa began to play, and Jocko commenced his performance. Marianne, as was usual in such cases, asked for another tune, and another, until Carl had played all his four, and then he said that he did not know any more.

"Why don't you learn some more?" she asked.

"Why, I have not got any body to teach me," said Carl.

"I will teach you a tune," said Marianne. "Do you think you could learn one if I should play it to you upon the piano?"

"Is it a hard tune?" asked Carl.

"No," said Marianne; "I will choose one for you that is easy."

"Well," said Carl, "I should like to try very much."

"Then come up on the piazza and listen, while I go to the piano and play," replied Marianne.

"Yes," said Carl; "only I will first let Rosa and Jocko go out in the yard, where they can run about by themselves, and then they will not disturb me."

How Marianne taught Carl a new tune.

"That's right," said Johnnie; "we want to see them run about."

So Rosa went away with Jocko and the two boys, and she amused the boys very much by letting them see how nimbly Jocko could climb the trees and run along the fences. When they were gone Carl took his station by the window, to listen to the new tune that Marianne was going to play him.

Marianne played the tune phrase by phrase, and Carl followed her on the flageolet. Of course, he had to play solely by his ear, but he succeeded in doing this, and in a short time he learned to play the tune quite well. He played it several times by himself, Marianne listening to him to correct his mistakes. When he made a mistake, she would show him what it was by playing that part right on the piano. In about fifteen minutes he had learned to play the tune perfectly.

"Now you must be careful and not forget it," said Marianne.

"Yes," said Carl, "I will. I will stop and play it several times a day as I go along the road."

Carl then went out into the yard to find Jocko, and Marianne came round to the door to see him climb. When she came to the door, Rosa was holding up her arm as high as she could, so as to let Jocko get up to the full length of his cord and chain.

"I suppose he could climb a great deal higher," said Marianne, "if you would let go of the fastening."

"Yes," said Carl, "he would go up to the tops of the highest trees."

"Let go of the string, and let him try it," said Johnnie.

The reason why Jocko could not have more liberty.

“I suppose that that would not be safe,” said Marianne.

“No,” said Carl. “He likes to climb about so well that he might run off among the trees so far as to give me a great deal of trouble to get him back again.”

“Won’t he obey you when you call him back?” asked Marianne.

“Not certainly,” said Carl. “I have to keep hold of the string, and give his collar a little pull, or else he is not sure to obey me.”

“It is a pity that he will not obey you,” said Johnnie.

“Yes,” said Carl. “It would be a great deal better for him if he would. I could give him a great deal more liberty if I could only depend upon his obeying me.”

“I wish you had a longer string,” said Johnnie.

“I wish I had,” said Carl.

“I could go and get my kite-string,” said Theodore.

“That will do very well,” said Carl.

So Theodore ran off to get his kite-string. In a few minutes he returned, bringing it with him in his hand. Carl tied one end of the string to the end of Jocko’s cord, and then said,

“Now, Jocko, you may climb as high as you will.”

Jocko seemed very much pleased with this apparent liberty, and away he went up the trees as nimbly as a squirrel. He would run along the limbs, leaping from branch to branch, catching sometimes by so slender a twig that he would swing to and fro some time before he got up to where his footing was secure. Sometimes he would hang by a foot, and sometimes by a hand,

Jocko in the tree-top.Reluctant obedience.

and he would turn somersets over and over in the most comical manner imaginable.*

After continuing the performance as long as was desirable, Carl gently pulled the cord, and called out,

“Come down, Jocko! Come down!”

Jocko was very reluctant to come down. Monkeys are made to live on trees, and Jocko felt more at home among the lofty branches than he had done any where before since he had been in America. He, however, felt the pull of the collar about his neck, and knew that he must obey. So he began to come down, but he came as slowly as he could, and took all possible round-about ways in descending from branch to branch. Where there was a perfectly good way to walk straight along, he would not walk in it, but would go hopping from one limb to another, across the most dangerous places that he could find; and whenever Carl slackened the string in the least, he would take advantage of it to leap up again a little way. He, however, at last reached the ground, and then Carl untied the end of the kite-string from the cord, and Jocko was brought back again to his usual close confinement.

“Now,” said Theodore, “let us give him something to eat and drink, to pay him for climbing. What does he like?”

“He likes milk to drink,” said Carl, “but he does not need any pay for climbing. He likes climbing better than any thing else he can possibly do.”

“We’ll pay him, nevertheless,” said Marianne. “Wait here a moment, and I will go and get some milk.”

* See Frontispiece.

Finding Jocko after his climb.

Marianne's promise.

The whistle.

So Marianne went into the house and brought out a little milk in a mug. While she was gone Rosa had taken out the shell, so as to have it all ready. Marianne poured the milk into the shell, and then Jocko lapped it up. The children were all much amused to see him do it, and especially to observe the mock solemnity of his countenance as he looked about upon the spectators while he continued his drinking.

"And now," said Carl, when Jocko had drunk up all the milk, "we will go; and I am very much obliged to you," he added, turning to Marianne, "for teaching me a new tune."

"Play it once before you go," said Marianne, "so as to be sure that you remember it."

So Carl put the parts of the flageolet together, and played the tune while Theodore was winding up the kite-twine. Johnnie proposed that Jocko should dance again, but Marianne said that they ought not to make him dance any more. "He must be tired," said she, "after all his climbing."

So Jocko lay down on the grass to rest while Carl rehearsed the new tune. He played it perfectly right.

"You play it as well as I can," said Marianne. "Now take good care not to forget it, and if you come this way again, and will stop here, I will teach you another."

In the afternoon of the same day when this occurrence took place, Carl, in coming to the top of a hill, as he was walking along the road, heard the sound of a locomotive whistle.

"Hark!" said Carl; "I hear a loud whistle."

"So do I," said Rosa.

Carl and Rosa watching the train of cars in the valley.

“Do you know what that is a sign of?” asked Carl.

“It is a sign that we are coming to a rail-road,” said Rosa.

“Yes,” said Carl; “and perhaps it is a rail-road leading to Vermont.”

As he said this, Carl led the way to a high rock which he saw by the road side, and after he had helped Rosa to the top of it he climbed up himself, and then they both looked toward the valley. They now saw a white cloud of vapor running rapidly along among the trees on the other side of the valley. Presently the whistle sounded again, and soon afterward a loud rumbling sound suddenly burst upon their hearing, and, after continuing a few minutes, as suddenly ceased.

“The train has just gone over a bridge,” said Carl.

“How do you know that,” asked Rosa.

“Because that is the sound that the train always makes,” replied Carl, “when it is going over a bridge.”

“Perhaps that rail-road leads to Vermont,” suggested Rosa.

“Perhaps it does,” said Carl; “we will go to it and see.”

So they returned to the road and continued their journey. They went down into the valley, and presently they came to a stream. There was a bridge across the stream at the place where the road crossed it.

“Is this the bridge that the train went over when it made a noise?” asked Rosa.

“No,” replied Carl, “this is not a rail-road bridge. This is a common bridge. Don’t you see that there are not any rails upon it?”

How Carl knew the direction of Vermont.

Another train of cars.

The children went over the bridge, and, after continuing their way for some little time longer, they came to the rail-road.

"Here it is," said Rosa. "Now how shall we find whether it goes to Vermont or not?"

"We must walk along till we come to a station," said Carl.

So they walked on. There was a pathway along the side of the rail-road, where it was very convenient for them to go. They turned into this path, taking the direction which Carl supposed would lead to Vermont.

"I don't see how you know the way to go," said Rosa.

"I go toward the north," said Carl. "Don't you remember that the man I inquired of a good many days ago told me that Vermont was toward the north, and that I must always go in that direction?"

"Yes," said Rosa; "but how do you know which way the north is?"

"I know by the sun," said Carl. "To go to the north, in the morning we must have the sun on our right hand; at noon we must have it behind us; and in the afternoon on our left."

Carl had learned this from one of the sailors at sea.

"You see," continued Carl, "it is now afternoon, and, of course, I must have the sun on my left hand, and I have to turn this way in order to bring it on my left hand."

"I think it is very puzzling," said Rosa.

After walking along the track for about half an hour, the children heard a whistling behind them.

"Ah!" said Carl, "here is another train coming."

Carl and Rosa counting up their earnings.The station.

In a few minutes the train came up. They stood out of the way when it came, and it ran by them at great speed, and with a noise like thunder.

“I wonder if it is going to Vermont,” said Rosa.

“I don’t know,” replied Carl; “if it is, I wish we were in it.”

“Have we got money enough to pay?” said Rosa.

“We have got enough to pay for a part of the way,” replied Carl. “I will look at our money, and see how much we have got.”

So Carl sat down on the grass, Rosa by his side, and set himself to work to count their money. By *their* money they meant the silver and copper money which they had earned by their exhibition of Jocko along the road. The gold money in the belt and in the purse they considered in some sense sacred, and, with the exception of the single sovereign which they had taken for the purchase of a flageolet, they had not meddled with it at all.

They found, on counting their money, that they had about three dollars and a half, with a few cents over. After counting it, Carl put it back into his pocket, and then they all went on again.

In about half an hour more they came to a station. It was near a small and pleasant village. They were pretty tired when they reached the station, and so they sat down upon the edge of the platform to rest.

Pretty soon a man came out of a door which led into the place where passengers bought their tickets, and, seeing the children sitting on the platform, he felt curious to know who they were, and where they were going.

“Is that your monkey?” said he to Carl.

Jocko's comical salutation.Carl's conversation at the ticket-office.

"Yes, sir," said Carl.

The monkey took off his hat and made a low bow to the gentleman. He then immediately put his hat on his head again, and looked eagerly about, first at the man and then at Carl, with an anxious expression of countenance, as if he did not know whether what he had done was to be considered a good deed or a piece of mischief.

The station-man evidently considered it a good deed, for he laughed outright, and said, "Well done!"

"Are you traveling?" asked the man.

"Yes, sir," said Carl.

"And which way are you going?" said the man.

"We are going to Vermont," said Carl. "Does this rail-road lead that way?"

"Yes," said the man, "it leads *toward* Vermont. What part of Vermont do you want to go to?"

"I don't know, sir, exactly," replied Carl. "I don't know much about the different parts of Vermont. I want to go to some part where I can get a place as a farmer's boy."

"As a farmer's boy?" repeated the man, much surprised.

"Yes, sir," said Carl.

"And who is this girl?" asked the man.

"She is my sister," replied Carl.

The man's curiosity was now fully aroused, and he proceeded to question Carl particularly about his history. Carl told him about the voyage, and the sickness and disappearance of his father and mother, and the shipwreck. He also gave him a brief account

The station-master's invitation.The passing train.

of the adventures which he and Rosa had met with since they landed, and of the money which they had received for the exhibition of Jocko. He told the man that they had earned three dollars and a half, and that they wished to spend that in paying their fare toward Vermont as far as it would go.

"And how did you know any thing about Vermont?" asked the man.

"A lady that was on board the ship told me about it," said Carl.

The man was silent a few minutes after hearing this story, and seemed to be considering what to do. After a short interval, during which he walked up and down the platform by himself, he came back to the children, and said to Carl,

"I'll help you about getting to Vermont, my boy, but you can't go to-night. You must go home with me, and stay to-night at my house, and to-morrow morning you shall go on."

The man said, moreover, that the children must wait at the station about half an hour, until the next train had come and gone, and that then he would show them the way to his home.

"And when you get there," said he, "my wife will give you some supper—Jocko and all."

So they waited half an hour, and at length the train came in. It remained only a few minutes at the station, and then went on again. Some passengers got out and others got in. The station-man assisted them, and he supplied those who were going in the train with tickets. After the train had gone and the station had become quiet again, he came to the children, and said that he was now ready to show them the way to his house.

The station-master's residence.The children made welcome.

So he walked along, and they followed him. In a short time they came to a small house that stood near the entrance of the village. There was a very pretty garden by the side of it, and the entrance to the house was by a path which led through this garden. There was a small gate to go through from the road. The man opened this gate, and held it open while the children went in.

Then he led the way along this path till he came to the front door of the house; but, instead of going in at the front door, he went on to a door a little farther back, which seemed to lead to the kitchen. There was a fire in the fire-place of the kitchen, but the door and the window were open, as it was a pleasant summer's day. There was a young woman at the door when the children came up to it, and she looked toward them with an expression of mingled kindness and curiosity.

"Mary," said the man, "I have brought you some company."

Mary moved back to make room for the children to come in, and welcomed them as they entered with a smile. Her husband explained to her the circumstances in which the children were placed, and asked her if she could give them some supper and keep them all night. She said she rather thought she could. She spoke the words, however, in a tone and manner that indicated that it would give her the greatest pleasure to do what her husband had proposed.

The children spent the night at the house, and were taken care of in the best possible manner.

A true Christian.

Mary's principle of doing good.

CHAPTER VIII.

A GOOD LODGING.



MARY.

MARY, the station-master's wife, was a true Christian. A true Christian is one who, among other characteristics, lives to do good. The work of doing good, according to the ideas of many people, consists in giving away money. But this was not Mary's notion. It was her principle to use, in all her benevolent efforts, as little money as possible. This was partly because she had but little money to spare, but chiefly because she had the good sense

to perceive that, to do good with money, or at least by giving away money, is an exceedingly difficult and delicate operation, and she had very little confidence in being able to manage it.

She was right in this. It is an exceedingly difficult thing to do good with money; or, rather, it is exceedingly difficult to do good in this way without, at the same time, indirectly doing harm which shall more than counterbalance the good. Accordingly, for both these reasons, Mary endeavored, in all her benevolent operations, to use as little money as possible.

The way in which the absolute giving away of money to those who are in need does harm, is, it tends to make them lose their

Doing good with money is not always the best way.

self-respect, and causes them to become more and more willing to live on charity. They live on the charity of their first benefactress as long as she continues to supply them, and then, when, on account of her death, or her removal to another place, or for any other cause, these supplies fail, they become common beggars. If they do not directly beg, they live by representing their wants and their distress here and there among those who are able to give them what they require, in hopes of inducing them to give, and so they lead idle and dependent lives, always on the brink of want and misery.

There are various other evils that flow indirectly from the injudicious giving of money in charity which I have not time here fully to describe. Mary had learned them by observing them with her own eyes. She lived among poor people, and she could see very clearly the ill effects which were sometimes produced by the gifts of money bestowed upon them by the rich, and this was an additional reason why she determined as much as possible to avoid them.

Still her heart was bent on doing good. She particularly loved children, but she had none of her own—that is, she had none when Carl and Rosa came to her house. She had had two, and while they lived she loved them very dearly. When they died, she was at first overwhelmed with sorrow, but after a time she arose and said,

“God has taken my dear children away from me. He has good reasons for it, I know, and I will be satisfied. I will show that I am satisfied by seeing how happy I can be with the blessings that

Conversation between Mary and the children.

he has left me, and how much good I can do to all the other children that I see and know."

So Mary became the friend and helper of all the children in the neighborhood. They all learned to love her, and she, in her turn, loved them. So she lived a very happy life. Almost every body is happy that lives to love and be loved in return.

Mary was, of course, greatly pleased when her husband came home and brought Carl and Rosa. Her husband, in fact, knew that she would be pleased.

As soon as her husband had gone away, she gave the children a seat near a pleasant window, and then asked them if they were very hungry.

Carl said that they were not particularly so.

"Because," said Mary, "if you are, I will give you something to eat now. If not, we will wait till my husband comes back."

"We would rather wait till he comes back," said Carl.

Mary then began to ask the children questions about themselves and their history.

"I suppose you are traveling about the country to show your monkey," said she.

"Not exactly that," said Carl. "We are trying to get to Vermont. I want to go upon a farm. A lady told me there were farms in Vermont."

This reply excited Mary's curiosity more than ever, and she proceeded to question the children more particularly in regard to the details of their history. They gave her a full account of themselves. They told her about their setting out from Europe with

Carl and Rosa had no baggage to carry.

their parents in the packet ship, and about their voyage across the Atlantic, and the sickness which broke out on board. They related to her, moreover, the manner in which Carl's father and mother, and Rosa's father, had been taken away from them, and expressed their fears that they had all died and been buried at sea. Finally, they gave an account of their wreck and their escape to the shore, and then related the adventures that they had met with since they landed.

"And now," said Mary, "what you want is to get to Vermont, and see if you can find a place on a farm? Well, I think that is a very good plan, and I will help you on with it all in my power."

It was a general rule with Mary not to form plans herself for the persons that she was going to help, but to aid them in executing the plans which *they* had formed, provided that she saw no objection to them.

"They shall stay here to-night," said Mary to herself, "and I will be a mother to them, and to-morrow morning they shall proceed on their journey."

"Children," said she, "did you leave your bundle at the station?"

"We have not any bundle," said Carl.

"Then you have no clothes except those you have on?" said Mary.

Carl said that they had not. "There was no time," he said, "to save any thing from the ship—at least there was not while we remained by the wreck."

"And how long is it since you landed?" asked Mary.

Mary employs Carl and Rosa in helping her.

“I don’t know exactly,” said Carl. “It has been a good many days, but I do not know how many.”

Pretty soon after this Mary went out of the room, but she returned again after a little time, and then began to busy herself about supper. She asked Carl if he was very tired from walking. Carl said that he was not.

“Then,” said she, “perhaps you would be willing to help me a little.”

Carl said that he should be very glad to help her, if there was any thing he could do; and Rosa said that she should be glad to help too.

Mary then gave Carl a pail, and asked him to go out to the pump in the yard, and pump it full of water.

“Not full, however,” she added—“pump it about two thirds full, and then the water will not spill over you when you are bringing it in. When you get to the door, set it down upon the stone step a minute, to let the water drain off from the sides of the pail, so that it may not drop upon the floor, and then I will come and bring it in.”

Carl executed this order with great care and precision. Rosa went with him. There was a little iron hook upon the nose of the pump, and Carl hung the pail upon this hook, and then let Rosa pump until the pail was about two thirds full. Then he carried it to the step of the door, and set it down there as Mary had directed.

Their being thus permitted to do something to help their hostess made them feel quite at home in the strange place that they

The trellis in the yard.Jocko's response.

had come to. Indeed, it was for the purpose of making them feel at home that Mary gave them this work to do.

"Now, children," said Mary, when they had brought the pail of water, "you may walk about the yard a little while, and see what you can find to amuse you, and then I shall want to send you away to do an errand."

So Carl and Rosa took a walk about the yard. Jocko all this time remained at the door, where he had been left when Carl and Rosa first went into the house. There was a trellis by the side of the door, with a honeysuckle growing upon it. Carl fastened the end of Jocko's cord to one of the bars of this trellis, and Jocko, after climbing up as high as his cord would allow, sat quietly there, and employed himself in looking about with an air of great dignity, and watching every body that passed in and out.

Carl and Rosa stopped a moment to look at Jocko as they went by.

"Well, Jocko," said Carl, "are you contented?"

Jocko, instead of answering, took off his hat and made a bow. He always did this when Carl said any thing to him that he did not understand. He supposed that it was some order or other, and so he obeyed the one that was the easiest to obey—to take off his hat and make a bow.

"I suppose he means yes by that," said Rosa.

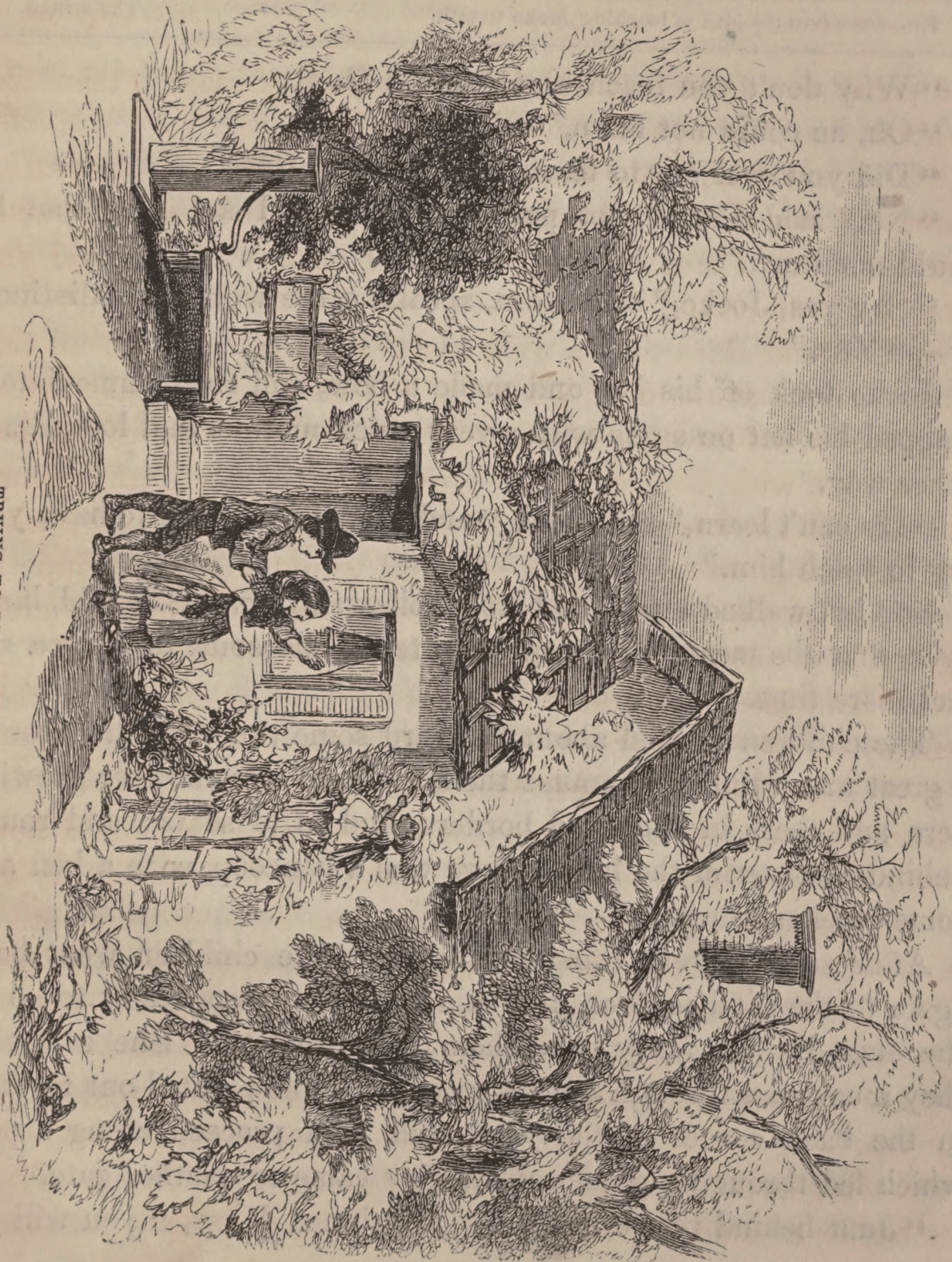
"I suppose so too," said Carl. "It is all the way that he can say yes."

"I wish he could talk," said Rosa.

"So do I," said Carl.

A GOOD LODGING.

TRYING TO TEACH JOCKO.



Rosa conceives the idea of teaching Jocko to talk.The errand.

“Why don’t you teach him?” asked Rosa.

“Oh, he could not learn,” said Carl.

“Did you ever *try* to teach him?” asked Rosa.

“No,” said Carl, “not particularly; but I am sure that he could not learn.”

“Say yes, Jocko,” said Rosa, speaking the word very distinctly—“YES.”

Jocko took off his hat and made a bow, and then immediately clapped his hat on again with a very quick motion, and looked another way.

“He can’t learn,” said Carl, “and he does not like to have you try to teach him.”

So Carl walked away, and Rosa followed him. She said, however, that she meant to try again to teach him some day when she had more time.

The children walked about the yard some time, and they found a great many things to amuse them. There were flowers growing here and there in beds and borders, and little seats; and round behind a corner of the house there was a hencoop, with a hen and some chickens in it.

After seeing every thing in the yard, the children went back again to the kitchen door, and said that they were ready to go on the errand. So Mary gave them the direction. She said that they must pass through a little gate which she pointed out to them in the back corner of the yard, and then proceed along a path which led through a garden until they came to another gate.

“Just behind this other gate,” continued Mary, “you will see

Mary's object in sending for Mrs. Byles.The supper.

a small house standing near a stream of water. You will see a place near the water where there has been a fire under a little shed, and a kettle over it. There is a woman that lives in that house named Mrs. Byles. You must knock, and Mrs. Byles will come to the door. Tell her I want her to come to my house this evening at eight o'clock."

The children were much pleased at receiving this commission, and they set off immediately to execute it. They had no difficulty in finding Mrs. Byles's house, and they delivered the message. Mrs. Byles said that she would come.

The children then returned and reported to Mary that they had done the errand. They did not know what Mrs. Byles was wanted for, but the truth was that she was a washerwoman, and Mary wanted her to wash the children's under-clothes after they had gone to bed. She knew that it was very necessary for their comfort, and also for their health, that their clothes should be washed, and as they had no change, the washing could only be done when they were in bed.

Very soon after this Mary's husband came in, and it was not long before supper was ready. Before they sat down to the supper the children washed their faces and hands at the pump, in a basin which Mary gave them for this purpose, and as their clothes were all neat and whole, they made a very respectable appearance as they sat at the table. The supper was excellent, and they both enjoyed it very much.

While they were at the table Mary asked what Jocko would have for *his* supper. Carl said that he liked almost every thing,

Jocko's sumptuous meal.Putting Rosa to bed.

and that he would be very thankful for whatever might be left at the table. So Mary laid out for him an apple, a biscuit, two pieces of hard cake, and some milk, which Rosa said she would pour into his shell. With these things Jocko made a most sumptuous meal.

About half an hour after supper Mary said it was time for the children to go to bed, but that first they were to wash themselves. She said that Rosa should go first, and afterward Carl. So she led Rosa into a small back room where there was a tub half full of warm water. On one side there was a table, with soap and towels.

“Now, Rosa,” said Mary, “you must take off your clothes and wash yourself thoroughly, especially your head. I will stay and help you do it.”

So Rosa undressed herself and got into the tub. Mary helped her at the bath, and, after the bath was over, she combed and dried her hair. She then gave her a clean night-dress to put on. It was one that she provided from her own stores. She then led her up a pair of narrow back stairs to a little room where there was a bed under a slanting roof. Rosa got into the bed full of delight. Mary heard her say her prayers, and then bade her good-night. Rosa was kept awake some little time by excitement and pleasure, but at last she fell asleep.

Mary then went down stairs and prepared a fresh supply of water for Carl, and he took his bath just as Rosa had done. When he came out of his bath he put on a night-gown which Mary had left for him, and then she came and combed and dried his hair, as

Carl's satisfaction.

Evening prayers.

Where Jocko slept.

she had done Rosa's. Carl said that he had not felt so well as he did then since he set sail from Europe.

Mary then led him up stairs, and showed him a sleeping-place similar to the one where Rosa was. She heard him say his prayers too. Before he began, Carl asked her whether he should say them in Italian or in English.

"Which do you like best to say them in?" asked Mary.

"In Italian," said Carl; "for that was the way my mother taught them to me when I was a little boy."

"Very well," said Mary; "say them in Italian, then."

So Carl said his prayers in Italian, while Mary sat by his side. When he had finished, he asked her whether she could understand his prayer.

"No," said Mary; "but that is of no consequence. It is no matter whether *I* understand it or not. And now you can go to sleep. Sleep as long as you please to-morrow morning. I will call you when it is time for you to get up."

So Mary went away, and Carl was soon fast asleep.

Jocko slept that night on a beam in the back room. Carl put him there while Rosa was taking her bath. He fastened the end of the cord to a staple which he found near, in order to prevent Jocko from running away in the night.

"I don't think you would be foolish enough to run away," he said; "but you are pretty foolish sometimes, so it is best to be sure."

At eight o'clock that evening Mrs. Byles came round, according to the appointment which had been made with her. Mary gave her

Breakfast.

Parting conversation between Carl and Mary.

the children's clothes to wash, and arranged with her that they should be washed that night, and ironed very early in the morning. The result of this arrangement was, that when the children awoke the next morning, they each found their clothes lying, neatly folded, upon a chair by the bedside, as nice and fresh as if they were new, and still warm from the ironing.

They dressed themselves, full of delight and joy, and went down stairs to breakfast. The station-master himself had gone to the station. He had had his breakfast before ; so Mary gave the children a breakfast by themselves, and an excellent one it was.

Carl had been accustomed to pay for his and Mary's lodging, and he expected to pay in the cars. Accordingly, when the time arrived for setting out upon the journey, he asked Mary how much he should pay.

"Why!" said she, surprised, "have you got any money?"

"Yes, indeed," said Carl, "we have got plenty of money."

Carl referred in this, not to the gold that he had in the purse and in the money-belt, but to the three dollars and a half which he had earned by means of Jocko. He considered that he had plenty of money, both because he regarded this as a large sum in itself, and also because he felt confident that he could at any time earn more.

Mary questioned Carl more particularly in regard to his funds, and to convince her of the truth of what he said, he took out the loose money which he had and showed it to her.

Carl was convinced that there could not be any danger in showing his kind protectress his gold money, but as his father had en-

Mary allows Carl and Rosa to pay for the washing, but not for their lodging.

joined it upon him not to show it to any body, he thought it best to say nothing about it.

“When at last I get a good place in Vermont,” said he to himself, “I will give my master the money to keep, but till then it shall be a secret for Rosa and me alone to know.”

Mary was very much pleased to know how much money Carl had got, reckoning only the spare silver.

“I am very glad,” said she. “It is a great deal better for you to earn your own living, and pay your own way, than to live on the charity of other people. In so doing you feel independent, and are all the time *rising*; whereas, if you live upon what people give you, then you are all the time sinking, and sooner or later you become beggars, and nothing more. I did not intend that you should pay any thing for what you have had here; but since I find you can, I shall let you do it; and you will think better of yourself, and I shall think better of you, for being independent.”

“We would a great deal rather pay,” said Carl. “But we shall be just as much obliged to you, notwithstanding.”

“There will only be the washing to pay for,” said Mary, “for that is all the money I have to pay out for you: that is ten cents.”

“Is that all?” asked Carl.

“Yes,” replied Mary. “As for your sleeping here and your supper, you have nothing to pay, for you have only been visitors. People never pay for their supper and bed when they are visiting. My husband invited you to come here of his own accord. He did it to please me, and it did please me very much indeed; and all the

Mary's advice to Carl.

Independence.

Jocko again.

expense you have put me to is ten cents; that is what I shall pay to Mrs. Byles."

So Carl took the money out of his pocket and gave it to Mary, and she placed it on a corner of the mantel-piece to be ready for Mrs. Byles.

"And now you must go on," said Mary, "and pay your own way every where, and be independent. Don't expect people to give you money or any thing else. You must not even *wish* that they should. That would be treating you as if you were beggars. But you are not beggars. You are earning your living by exhibiting Jocko. You can earn a very good living in that way, and perhaps lay up money. So don't let people ever treat you as if you were beggars."

"But we must not forget Jocko," continued Mary, interrupting herself. "It is time for him to have his breakfast."

So saying, she went to the table which the children had just left, and took up a variety of things for Jocko, and put them on a plate. Rosa, at the same time, took out the shell, so as to have it ready for Jocko's drink. The drink was made by putting a little coffee into a small mug of milk, and sweetening it well.

Jocko was overjoyed to see his breakfast coming, and he leaped up and down the trellis with delight. When the plate was put upon the ground he came down to it, but he did not begin to eat till Rosa had given him some coffee from the shell.

Rosa, however, only poured out a small quantity at first.

"That's enough for you now," said she. "You shall have the rest at the end of your breakfast."

Jocko's politeness.

Good wishes.

Carl's promise.

Mary stood by, looking on with great interest to witness the joy which the monkey seemed to manifest in having so good a meal. Every now and then Jocko recognized her presence, and acknowledged the honor which she did him by taking off his hat and making a bow to her. He did this always in a ludicrously hurried manner, and then put the hat on his head again very quick, and looked around anxiously and eagerly to Carl, as if he did not know whether he had done right or wrong.

At length the time arrived for the children to set out on their journey. Mary accompanied them to the gate. As they were going, she said she was very glad they came to her house, and she hoped they would be successful in getting good places in Vermont.

"I shall want very much to hear from you," said she, "and to know how you get along. Could you not write me a letter and tell me?"

"We don't know how to write," said Carl, sorrowfully.

"Ah! that's a pity," said Mary. "Do you know how to read?"

"A little," said Carl: "I can read a little, and I read every day in my little red Testament, so as to learn to read better."

"That's an excellent plan," said Mary; "and you must learn to write the first opportunity."

"I will," said Carl.

"And, as soon as you have learned to write," continued Mary, "write a letter to me, and send it to the care of my husband. Wait a minute, and I will give you the address."

What the children said about the station-master's wife.

So Mary went back into the house, and soon returned with a small piece of paper, on which was written her husband's name and place of residence. She gave this to Carl, and he put it in his pocket. She then bade Carl and Rosa good-by, and they went away.

"How kind she has been to us!" said Carl, as they walked along.

"Yes," said Rosa, "very kind indeed."

"And she is the first person we have seen who did not seem to care any thing about Jocko," added Carl.

"She liked to see him eat his breakfast," suggested Rosa.

"True," said Carl; "but she did not ask to see him play any of his tricks, or dance, or any thing. I don't believe she would care at all for any such things."

"No," said Rosa, "she only seemed to care for *us*."

A comical spectacle.The remarkably low price of tickets.

CHAPTER IX.

VERMONT.



JOCKO DRINKING.

JOCKO drinking from Rosa's shell was a spectacle to make the gravest person laugh, especially when, as was his usual custom, he interrupted his draft every moment to take off his hat and bow to the spectators. Even Mary, who paid so little attention in general to the monkey's antics, was amused with this performance, though her interest in it was, after all, perhaps, chiefly an interest to see how much Jocko enjoyed his breakfast.

When at length the children reached the station, they found that the station-master was ready to receive them. Carl told him that they wanted to go as far on the road toward Vermont as their money would carry them, which he said was three dollars and a half.

The station-master said that he could only receive pay for about one hundred miles, and that that would only cost one dollar.

"For both of us?" asked Carl.

"Yes, for both of you," said the man.

"And for Jocko too?" said Rosa.

"Yes," said the man, smiling, "I shall not charge any thing for Jocko."

What the station-master said to Carl.The children in the cars.

Indeed, the station-master charged less than half price for Carl and Rosa. He might have allowed them to go free by giving them what is called a pass, which would have served with the conductors of the train instead of a ticket. But he acted on his wife's principle, and was very averse to so exercising charity as to turn people into beggars, or to confirm them in habits of begging.

So he took the dollar, and gave Carl regular tickets, one for himself and one for Rosa.

"There," said he, "you pay your way just like all the other passengers, and you have as good a right to your seats as any of the rest of them have to theirs. Don't be afraid, therefore. This is a free country, and every one that earns his living and pays his way has equal rights, in all public conveyances, with every one else."

The hearing of these words, and the consciousness that he was really paying his way and was no beggar, made Carl feel more like a man than he had ever felt before—more, in fact, than it is possible for such a boy to feel in any of the countries of Europe.

The station-master also, with the tickets, gave Carl a paper, which he told him he had better show to the conductors in the cars. A short time after this business was arranged a train came, and the station-master took the children into a car and gave them a seat. They had a very pleasant seat all to themselves. Rosa sat next to the window, and Jocko nestled down on the seat between her and Carl.

In a few minutes the train started. It was a new sensation to all three of the travelers, for neither of them had ever been in a

A child spies out Jocko in the cars.

The conductor.

A contribution.

rail-road carriage before. Jocko was afraid, but Carl and Rosa were greatly pleased.

The journey in the cars proved to be a very prosperous one. In a short time after they commenced it the attention of the people who sat near Carl and Rosa was attracted to Jocko. He was first spied by a child who sat in the seat before them, and who, in kneeling up in his seat and looking around, saw Jocko's face peeping out between Carl and Rosa. He immediately uttered a loud exclamation of surprise and delight, which caused his mother to turn round. She asked what the animal was. Carl told her it was a monkey, and he drew Jocko out to let her and the child see him.

Presently, when the conductor came along to collect the tickets, he stopped to look at Jocko, and Carl took that opportunity to hand him the paper which the station-master had given him. The conductor read it, and then gave it back to Carl again, saying at the same time,

"Yes, I will come back and see you again by-and-by." So he left them and went on down the cars, collecting his tickets.

The people were so much amused with Jocko, and they became so much interested in Carl and Rosa, and in the accounts of their adventures which Carl gave them in answer to the questions which they asked, that presently they began to give them small sums of money. They called upon Rosa to hold out her tambourine for the purpose of receiving the money, and the people in distant seats beckoned her to go down the cars so that they might all contribute. When Carl counted the money at the end of the col-

Attentive rail-road conductors.

The terminus.

A tavern.

lection, he found that it amounted to between thirty and forty cents.

In the course of the day, as new passengers came in, and as the children changed their places according to the directions of the conductor, they found new companies of spectators, so that, in all, they received that day a little more than the dollar which they had paid for their fare.

"The ride in the cars will not cost us any thing," said Carl.

"That's very good luck for us," said Rosa. "We can have another ride to-morrow, if we wish."

The paper which the station-master had given to Carl, and which Carl showed the conductors as he went along, seemed to cause them to pay particular attention to him and Rosa, and at every stopping-place where any change was to be made, they always came and told them what to do. When night came, and the train they were in reached the end of its journey, the conductor that was then in charge pointed out to them a tavern where they could go and spend the night.

"Have you got any money?" said the conductor.

"Yes, sir," said Carl, "we have got a plenty."

"Because they won't turn you away from that house, even if you have not got any money."

The children went to the tavern which the conductor had indicated, and were very kindly received. They spent the night there. It was now getting toward the fall of the year, so that the evenings were cool, and on this evening there was a fire in the parlor of the hotel. This parlor was a large room in the second story.

The children make new acquaintances at the tavern.

There were various other parties of travelers in the room. These were people that had arrived in the train, or had come from the interior of the country in stages, with the view of taking some train the next morning.

Among the rest were two neat and tidy-looking girls. They were factory-girls. They had been at work in a factory in Massachusetts, and were now going home to make a visit. It happened that they were seated that evening near Carl and Rosa, and they fell into conversation with them. The girls took quite an interest in Rosa, and soon Carl joined in the conversation. The girls told him that they lived in Vermont, and they gave him some information about the state, and the part of it where they would be most likely to obtain situations.

“Go with us to-morrow,” said they, “and we will show you the way.”

Carl determined to accept this offer, and the next morning he and Rosa got up very early, on being awakened by a knock at the doors which one of the girls made, and, dressing themselves as quick as they could, they went down to the breakfast-room. After breakfast they went with the girls to the station, and then, after buying their tickets for the place that the girls named to them, which was not very far from the town where they then were, they took their places in the car directly behind the two girls.

The road lay through a very pleasant country. It followed the bank of a large river. Sometimes there were broad green fields to be seen extending each way from the river to a great distance.

Vermont.

Cold winters.

The stranger's prediction.

At other times the hills and the mountains came down close to the water's edge, barely allowing room for the water to get by.

"Is all this Vermont?" said Carl to one of the girls.

"Yes," said she, "this is all Vermont. How do you like it?"

"I like it very much indeed," said Carl.

"It looks very pleasant now," said she, "but the winters are very long and cold. For five or six months the ground is entirely covered with snow. How do you think you will like that?"

"I shall like it very well," replied Carl, "and so will Rosa, but I don't know how Jocko will bear it."

"Why, can he not bear cold well?" asked the girls.

"No," replied Carl, "he can not bear it at all."

"Then," said the girl, "I don't know what he will do."

There was a rather rough-looking man, with a weather-beaten face, sitting in the seat opposite to Carl's, and directly across the passage, and though he had not appeared to be listening to the conversation, he here showed that he had been listening by saying,

"I can tell you what he will do."

"What, sir?" asked Carl.

"He will die," replied the man. "He won't live out half the first winter. Monkeys are made for tropical regions. I've seen them often on the coast of Africa, and you may depend upon it they won't stand a Vermont winter—snow five feet deep on a level, and thermometer twenty degrees below zero."

This intelligence struck Carl's mind heavily like a blow. For some time he was silent. He did not know what to think or say.

Carl's sorrowful reflections.

The valley.

Leaving the train.

It seemed to him ungenerous and ungrateful to use Jocko's services as a means of earning his living and paying the expenses of his journey, and yet to give the journey such a direction as to bring the poor monkey to a place where he must inevitably perish.

He, however, did not see now what he could do but to go on, and he consoled himself by hoping that there would be some way found of keeping Jocko warm.

About the middle of the day the train stopped at the station where the girls said they thought that Carl and Rosa had better get out. It was at a place where a branch valley came down from among the mountains to the great central valley through which they had been traveling.

"There is a fine region of farming-land, and a great many excellent farms up this valley," said the girl; "so you had better go there. They have plenty of help on all the farms here near the rail-road, but if you go up this valley five or ten miles, or perhaps twenty, I think you will get a place."

So Carl thanked the two girls for their kindness to him and Rosa, and then got out of the cars. They stood on the platform till the train went on. When the train began to move, the girls bade the children good-by by bowing to them through the window of the car.

There was quite a crowd of persons on the platform, and they all seemed very curious to look at Jocko, but Carl had no heart to exhibit him and make him dance then.

"Poor fellow!" said he to himself, in a low tone; "to make

Carl and Rosa resting in the school-house yard.

you dance when you are going where you can't live would not be fair."

In an hour or two, however, Carl began to recover his spirits, and, as the day was very warm, his fears in respect to Jocko's being able to stand the climate were very much abated. So he began to show Jocko to the people in the villages that he passed through, and also to such groups that he met by the wayside as expressed a desire to see him.

One of the exhibitions that Carl made of Jocko was somewhat curious, as it was connected with the first writing lesson that he ever took. About three o'clock in the afternoon they came in sight of a school-house, which stood by the road side in a pleasant place under some trees.

"Ah!" said Carl, "here is another school-house. I hope there will be a school-house near the farm where we are going to live, Rosa, so that you and I can go to school."

"I hope so too," said Rosa.

"This is a very pleasant place for a school-house," continued Carl. "Let us sit down here and rest. See! here is a first-rate seat."

This seat was in the school-house yard, and Carl and Rosa went and sat down upon it to rest. Every thing was still about the building, so that the children did not suppose that the scholars were then in school. But they were, and, before Carl and Rosa had been seated many minutes, the door opened, and from twenty to thirty children came running out together for their recess.

The recess at school.

Carl's bargain with one of the scholars.

The foremost of them paused when he saw these strange children in their seat, and then, in a moment afterward, they all gathered round, and began to utter exclamations of wonder and surprise at seeing the monkey.

"Will he bite?" asked one of the girls.

"No," said Carl, "he will not bite."

"What is he?" asked another girl.

"He is a monkey," answered Carl.

"What does he do?" asked the girl.

"He can dance," said Carl. "He can dance to the music we make for him on the flageolet and tambourine."

The children had all by this time formed a ring around the seat, and they looked on with eager curiosity. One of them, however, ran back into the school-room to tell the teacher that there was a monkey out at the door, and a boy and girl with a flageolet and a tambourine to make him dance. So the teacher came out to see them.

The teacher, who was a very pleasant-looking young woman, stood behind the rest, and looked over their heads, and thus did not interrupt the conversation.

"We should like to see him dance," said the girl who had first spoken, "only I suppose you ask some money for it, and we have not got any money."

"I'll tell you how you can pay," said Carl. "Do you know how to write?"

"Yes," said the girl.

"Then," said Carl, "you shall give me a writing lesson. You

Jocko in the entry.

Carl's first lesson in writing.

The copies.

shall bring me out a pen and ink and a piece of paper, and teach me a little how to write."

"Well," said the girl, "I will go and ask the teacher if I may."

Then she turned round to go in and ask the teacher, and behold, the teacher was there, right before her.

"Yes," said the teacher, "you may; or, rather, *I'll* give him a writing lesson. He shall show you the monkey now during the recess, and then he shall come into the school, and I will let him sit at a desk and write."

"And shall the monkey come into the school too?" asked one of the other scholars.

At this suggestion all the company laughed aloud.

"No," said the teacher, "he must stay in the entry."

"That will be better," said Carl. "I can fasten him in the entry."

This arrangement was carried fully into effect. Carl exhibited the monkey during the recess, and when the bell rang he carried him to the entry and fastened him there, and then, after laying down the flageolet and the tambourine carefully near him, he and Rosa went with the children into the school.

The teacher gave Carl a desk among the boys, and Rosa one among the girls, and put before each of them a pen and some ink, and also a sheet of ruled paper. On the upper line of the paper was a copy which they were to write. Rosa's copy consisted of straight marks and round o's. Carl's was his own name, *Carl*, written pretty large and plain.

A diligent pupil.Carl learned to write his name at one lesson.

The children remained in the school about an hour. Carl continued writing all this time, but Rosa would have got tired before the hour was out had not her attention been attracted by what she saw and heard in the school-room. It amused her very much to observe how the school-room was arranged, and to see the classes called up, and to hear them recite their lessons, standing all in a row before the teacher.

Carl devoted himself wholly to his writing, and he learned to write his name quite well. It is very unusual for a person to learn to write his name in the first lesson in writing that he takes, but that is because it is very unusual for a boy to be so much interested in learning as Carl was, and to take so much pains.

After the hour was out, the teacher came to look at the work which Carl and Rosa had done, and she seemed very much pleased with it. She said she wished that she had them for her scholars all the time.

Carl and Rosa both wished so too.

After this the children went on slowly for a day or two, without any particular adventure. They received some money now and then from some persons who saw the monkey, and they made inquiries at several farm-houses for a place, but they did not find any. They only made inquiries at such farm-houses as looked attractive to them, and seemed to be places where they would like to live. The persons to whom they applied seemed to take an interest in them, and they talked with them freely about their history; but the interview always ended with their saying that

The children traveling on.How they like Vermont.

they did not want either a boy or girl. They, however, in several instances, directed them to other farm-houses farther on, where there was a probability that they might find places. This, and the general kindness with which they were treated, encouraged Carl to proceed.

“We shall find some place to live in by-and-by, Rosa,” said he.

“Yes,” said Rosa, “I think we shall.”

“And I am glad we came to Vermont,” said Carl, “for I think it is a very pleasant country.”

“So many pretty mountains and valleys,” said Rosa.

“Yes, and woods,” said Carl.

“Perhaps they will let us walk in these woods sometimes,” added Rosa.

“Yes,” said Carl; “I don’t believe they are as particular about their woods as they are in France and England. If you go the least step out of your way there into the woods, like as not you will get caught in a trap, or be taken up by a policeman and sent off to prison.”

The children meet a black woman.Mutual astonishment.

CHAPTER X.

THE CONCLUSION.



EVENING.

ONE evening, about sunset, as the children were walking along, thinking what arrangement they should make for the night, they saw before them, at a short distance, a black woman drawing a child in a little wagon, with another older child walking by the side of it.

"Rosa, Rosa," said Carl, "look! look! there is a black woman."

The children had never before seen a black woman, and they were therefore very much surprised.

As the black woman and her party approached toward Rosa and Carl, she was as much surprised to see them as they were to see her.

"Lucy, child," she exclaimed to the girl who was walking with her, "look! look! there comes a monkey."

Of course, when the two parties came together, there was great mutual astonishment. Carl and Rosa looked intently at the black woman, while she, and also Lucy and the baby, were equally absorbed with the sight of the monkey.

There are very few colored people in Vermont. Carl had not

The visitors from the South.

An invitation.

Mr. Morey's house.

expected to see any there. Indeed, this one did not belong in Vermont. She belonged to North Carolina. She had come on with her mistress to spend the summer in Vermont. Her duty was to take care of the children, especially of Charlie, a boy a little younger than Lucy, who was in delicate health.

The name of her mistress was Pinckney. Mrs. Pinckney was spending the summer at a farm-house in Vermont. The wife of the farmer was a distant relative of hers, and Mrs. Pinckney often came to spend the summer at her house.

The farm-house where they were staying was at a little distance from the place where Carl and Rosa met them in the wood. The black woman, whose name was Phebe, had been out to give the baby a ride in the wagon, and was now going home.

All this Phebe told to Carl and Rosa in the conversation which they had there together; for Phebe's attention was so strongly attracted by the monkey that she stopped to ask Carl where he came from, and a long conversation followed between the two parties in consequence.

"I wish you would go up with me to Mr. Morey's," said she, "and let Charlie see the monkey. Perhaps Mr. Morey would hire you."

"Well," said Carl, "we will go."

So they turned round and followed Phebe along the road till they came to a branch road, where they turned off, and ascended a rising ground to the place where Mr. Morey lived. They soon came in sight of the house. It was a small house in height, as it consisted only of one story, though it was considerably extended over

The appearance of a prosperous Vermont farm-house.

the ground. But, though the house seemed small, the barns and sheds about it were of great size and very numerous, so that the establishment formed quite a little village.

These buildings were very pleasantly situated among the gardens and orchards, and behind them was a little hill covered with forest trees. In front was a very extended view over a fertile and beautiful valley.

“What a pleasant place it is!” said Rosa.

“Yes,” said Carl, “it is a very pleasant place indeed; I think Mr. Morey must have a very nice farm; and I am glad to see so many barns and sheds. I suppose that shows that Mr. Morey keeps a great many animals.”

“He does,” said Phebe. “He has horses, and oxen, and sheep, and cows, and pigs, and chickens, and geese, and turkeys, and doves, and nobody knows what besides.”

“I should like the hens, and chickens, and doves,” exclaimed Rosa..

“And I should like the horses and oxen,” said Carl.

When the children came into the yard, they saw a man there, in a plain farmer’s dress, watering a very handsome horse at a pump.

“Well, Phebe,” said he, “what have you brought us now?”

Phebe explained the case by saying that she had met the children in the road with the monkey, and that she had brought them up to the house in order to let little Charlie see them, thinking the sight might amuse him. She added that the monkey’s name was Jocko.

Mr. Morey does not want any boys.

Charlie's pleasure in the exhibition.

"I think it likely it *will* amuse him," said the man; "any thing that is an animal, no matter what it is, if it is only alive and moving, always amuses him."

"And besides," continued Phebe, "the boy wants to get a place, and I did not know but that you would like a boy."

"No," said Mr. Morey, "not I. I don't want any boys. I have no faith in boys."

Phebe looked somewhat abashed at this rebuff, though, after all, it was not really so severe as it might seem, for Mr. Morey said it in a very good-natured way.

"However," said he, "take them in and give them some supper, and show the monkeys to Charlie."

"There is only one monkey, please, sir," said Phebe.

"Ah!" said Mr. Morey, "I thought there were two. There's Jocko for one, and the boy for the other."

Phebe laughed, and led the children into the house.

Mrs. Pinckney was very much pleased that Phebe had brought them there, on account of the amusement which she knew that Charlie would take in seeing Jocko. She conducted them all directly into Charlie's bed-room.

Charlie was quite an invalid, and he was lying at this time on a sofa by a window amusing himself with a wind-mill that he was making. He was, of course, greatly pleased to see the monkey; and when Carl and Rosa played on the flageolet and tambourine, and made Jocko dance, he was almost beside himself with delight.

All the grown people in the house sympathized with Charlie's pleasure, and though perhaps they would have felt above being

What Mr. Morey said about them.

Mrs. Morey's plan for Rosa.

amused at such an exhibition by themselves alone, they took quite an interest in it on Charlie's account. Even Mr. Morey came in to see, and at the close of the performance he talked a little with Carl about his history. He was so much pleased with Carl's answers to his questions, and with his general demeanor, that he said, as he passed through the kitchen in going out, that Jocko was more of a monkey, and the boy less of one than he supposed.

In the course of the evening Mrs. Morey took a great fancy to Rosa, and she began to think that she should like to keep her to help her in her work about the house.

"I have been in want of a little girl," she said, "a long time. A little girl, if she is bright and willing, is so handy to run of errands, and do a thousand little things, that take up a great deal of time if you do them yourself, and don't amount to any thing, after all."

"Very likely," said her husband.

"And so, if you are willing," she continued, "I don't know but that I should like to keep her."

"Oh yes," said Mr. Morey, "just as you please. A woman must always be in some folly or other, and it does not make much difference what it is."

Mr. Morey said this at the supper-table, and all the people laughed to hear it. They knew very well that he said it in joke, and that really he was glad to have Rosa kept.

"But truly, now, husband," said Mrs. Morey, "don't you think it would be a good plan?"

"I have nothing to say against it," said he.

Carl in Charlie's room again.

The vessel.

Charlie's request.

“And are you perfectly willing?”

“Yes,” said he, “I am perfectly willing you should keep the girl, provided you do not ask me to keep the boy.”

It was, however, concluded that, at any rate, both the children and the monkey should stay at the house that night, and then, if it should be finally determined that Rosa should remain, Mr. Morey said he would do what he could to put Carl in the way of finding a place in the neighborhood. In the course of the evening, Carl went into Charlie's bed-room to show him the monkey again, and afterward Carl entertained him a long time by telling him stories about the sea.

He also helped him to finish the wind-mill he was making. While Carl was at work upon the wind-mill, Charlie brought out from a drawer a small ship which he had begun to make, but he had not been able to finish the rigging of it. Carl told him that he thought he could do that for him. He had learned to rig little vessels at sea.

“If I have time to-morrow,” said he, “I will do it for you, and if I don't have time to finish it, I can show you how to do it yourself after I have gone.”

But Charlie very much preferred that Carl should finish rigging the little ship for him, and so he asked his mother to ask Mrs. Morey to ask her husband to let Carl stay at least through the next day.

Mrs. Morey consented to this, and so it was arranged that Carl was to stay.

The next morning after breakfast Charlie wished to have Carl

Carl in search of work upon the farm.Clearing land.

begin rigging the vessel, but Carl said he must go out with the men, to see if he could not find something to do to make himself useful.

“You see,” said he, “that Mr. Morey is very kind to let me stay here to-day, and I must do as much as I can in return; but in the evening I will rig your ship.”

“Ah! no,” said Charlie, in an imploring voice, “stay in to-day and play with me.”

“I should like to stay and play with you,” said Carl, “but it is better that I should go and work. Besides, if Mr. Morey finds that I can work well, perhaps he will be willing to let me stay some days.”

“Ah! yes,” said Charlie, speaking now in a joyful tone, “perhaps he will. So you had better go and work.”

So Carl went out with the men to work. The work which they were doing was the clearing of a piece of land. The trees had been felled and cut into lengths for firewood, and laid up in piles all about the field. What remained to be done was to gather up all the branches, and pile them up too in great heaps, to be burned.

Besides the branches of the trees, there were a great many old and decayed logs lying about the field, and these were to be pried up out of their beds, and drawn by means of oxen to the nearest heap of bushes, to be burned. While the men were employed in getting out these logs, and in piling up the larger limbs of the trees, Carl gathered up the little ones, and thus he assisted a great deal.

Carl's services in the work.Mr. Morey concludes to keep him.

He also rendered himself useful in other ways. He watched the workmen, and if he saw that a tool, or a chain, or any thing else were wanted, he ran and got it, and brought it where it was required. He took care also not to hinder them by getting in their way, or officiously undertaking things which he could not do.

Mr. Morey was not with the men in this work, but at night, when they came home, he asked them what sort of a boy Carl was.

"He is a real handy little fellow," said one of the men. "We wish you would keep him a few days longer, till we get this clearing done."

So Mr. Morey said that Carl might stay a week longer, but not another day beyond that.

"I shall have nothing for you to do," said he, "after the week is out; but if you are a good boy, and earn a good character, I'll see what I can do about getting you a place in the neighborhood."

But Carl was so good a boy, and made himself so useful, that, at the end of the week, Mr. Morey concluded to keep him longer. Carl took good care not to lose the good character he had acquired, but grew more and more useful as he grew older and stronger, and the result was that both he and Rosa continued to live with Mr. and Mrs. Morey for many years. He gave his and Rosa's money to Mr. Morey to keep for them, and Mrs. Morey put both sums out at interest.

As for Jocko, he very happily escaped the danger of attempting to spend a winter in Vermont, which, considering his tropical con-

How Jocko escaped a Vermont winter.

Mrs. Pinckney's delicate kindness.

stitution, would doubtless have been a hazardous experiment. He was saved from this risk by Mrs. Pinckney. One day, about a week before she was to return to the South, she asked Carl what he expected to do with Jocko in the winter.

"I don't know, indeed, ma'am," said Carl, "and that is what troubles me. He can not bear the least cold."

"I don't think he will live if he stays here," said Mrs. Pinckney.

Carl did not answer, but looked very serious and sorrowful.

"I don't think he can possibly live through the winter, if you attempt to keep him, and so I think you had better sell him to me. I would give you a good price for him."

Carl did not speak in reply to this proposal, but he began slowly to turn away, for he felt big tears coming into his eyes. He could not bear the thought of selling Jocko, or even of parting with him in any way.

Mrs. Pinckney immediately perceived how the case stood. She was a lady of noble and generous sentiments, and her heart and mind were sufficiently enlarged to enable her to understand what many persons in her station of life seem never able to learn, namely, that people in the humblest stations may be as noble, and generous, and as sensitive as they. She instantly understood Carl's feelings, and respected them.

"On the whole," said she, seeming not to have noticed Carl's distress, "I don't think I should wish to sell him, if I were you; but still I think you ought to make some arrangement to have him pass the winter in a warmer climate. How would you like

Carl's contract for Jocko's board.

the plan of boarding him with me? and then I can bring him back and give him to you again when I come North next summer."

"I should like that very well, I think," said Carl. "How much would it cost for his board?"

"Not much," said Mrs. Pinckney. "You see Phebe will take care of him; she will like to do it. Then he would be of considerable service in amusing the children, and it would be right to make a deduction on that account. I think that ten cents a month would be enough. I will agree to take him, and take good care of him, for ten cents a month."

"Well," said Carl, "that will do very well indeed; only," he added, thoughtfully, "I don't know how I could send you the money."

So saying, he took out a ten cent piece from his pocket, and looked at it with a view of determining whether or not it was too heavy to be sent by mail.

"You could send it in postage stamps, in a letter," said Mrs. Pinckney. "Three three cent stamps and one one cent would just make it."

"And how can I get the postage stamps?"

"At the post-office," said Mrs. Pinckney. "You can carry your ten cents to the post-office, and they will give you the stamps for them; then you can write me a little letter, and put the stamps inside."

Carl gladly acceded to this plan, and so it was settled that Jocko was to go to Carolina to spend the winter.

Why Mrs. Pinckney proposed that Carl should pay for Jocko's board.

Mrs. Pinckney proposed this payment of ten cents a month in order to gratify Carl's sense of independence, and enable him to feel that he was still Jocko's owner and protector, but she had no idea that the postage stamps would be sent. She thought that long before the twelve months had expired Carl would have forgotten the arrangement. But Carl did not forget. He sent the stamps regularly all the winter. In return, he received from time to time a little note from Mrs. Pinckney, acknowledging the receipt of the money, and informing him of Jocko's health and welfare. Toward the middle of the winter, she said, in one of these notes, that she was afraid she had charged too much for Jocko's board, for he made so little trouble, and was such a great source of amusement to the children, that, on the whole, she thought he fully earned his living. She said, however, that she would not then decide fully, but she would wait until the winter was more nearly gone, and that, if Jocko continued to behave as well as he had done, she should feel bound in honor to return the money which she had received for his board.

Accordingly, in March, Carl received a note from Mrs. Pinckney, inclosing a gold dollar, wrapped in a small piece of silk paper. She said that Jocko had more than compensated them for the expense and trouble of boarding him by the pleasure they derived from his company, and by his services in amusing the children, and that she could not conscientiously keep the money which she had received. Carl paid his dollar to Mr. Morey, in order to have the amount of it added to his fund.

Carl and Rosa lived long and happily at Mr. Morey's, both of

The end of the story of Carl and Jocko.

them becoming every year more and more useful, as they grew older and stronger. Every spring Jocko came North with Mrs. Pinckney, and spent the summer in Vermont, and in the fall he went South again with her, in order to spend the cold season in Carolina. It was understood that he paid for his board in both places by his services in amusing children. This continued for some years, but what ultimately became of him I never knew.

THE END.

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